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THE SPHERE, MARCH 13, 1937
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1938 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 13 1937

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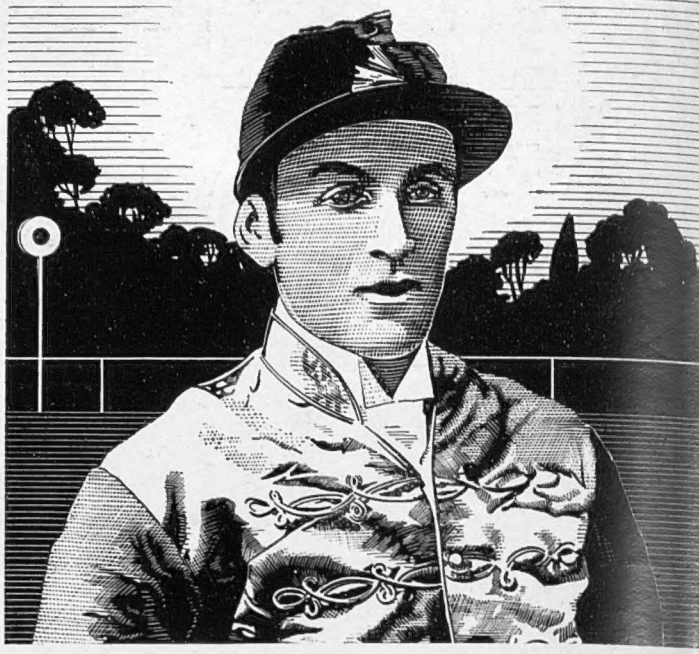

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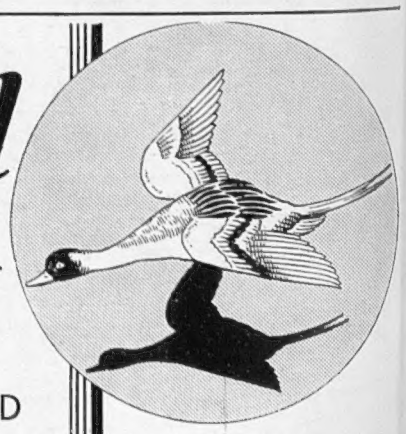

THE SPHERE
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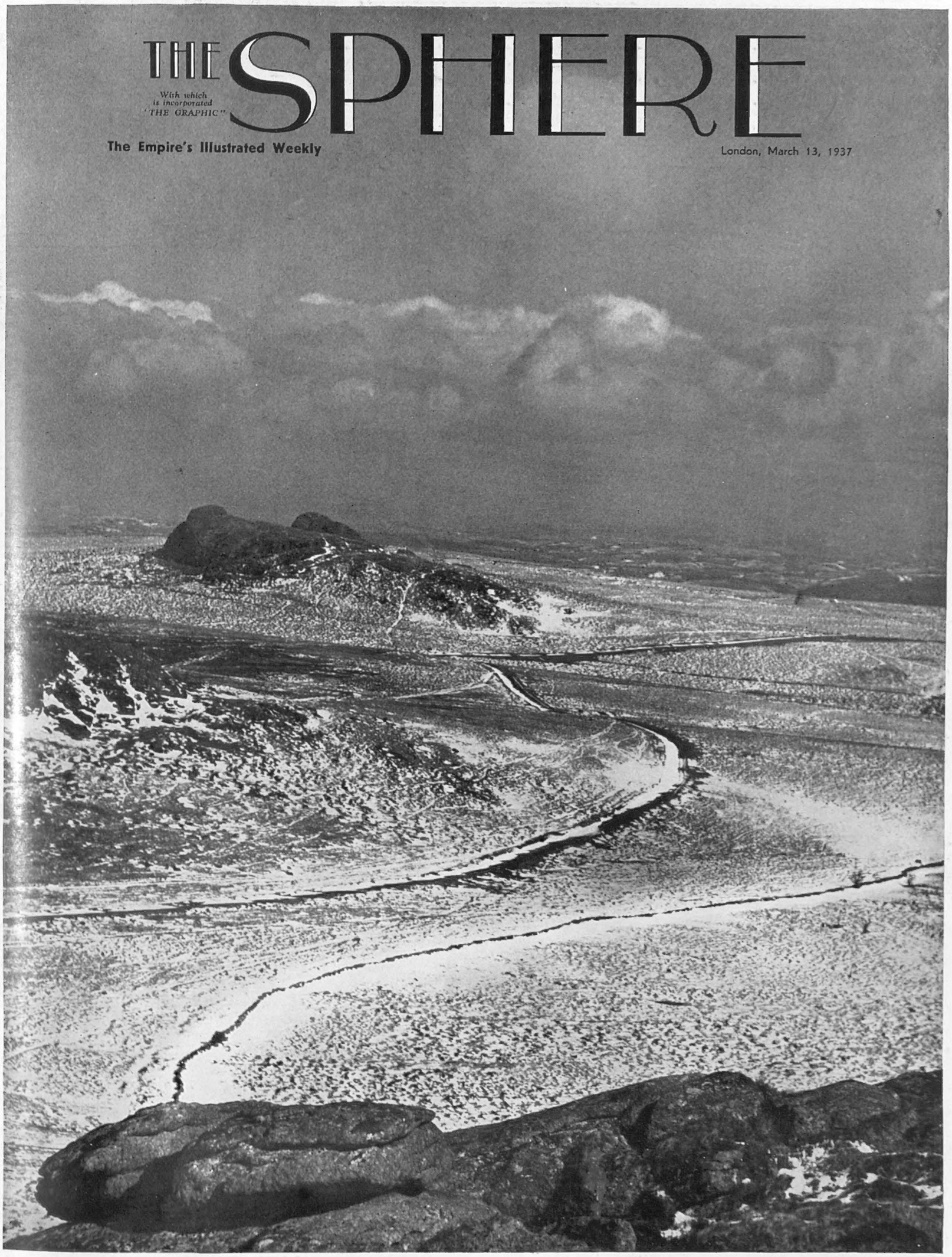
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 13, 1937



Snow Over England

"March Comes in Like a Lion" and the Countryside is Enveloped in a White Mantle—A Scene in the Wilds of Dartmoor

This winter has been one of extraordinary vagaries and, though it has fortunately failed to fulfil the prophecy that it would be the coldest on record, it has rung the changes in remarkable fashion, gales, floods, and rainstorms giving place to a mild, spring-like December, only to be followed by more gales, more floods, and snow in abundance. March has come in like a lion in no uncertain manner, snow falling last week-end in almost all districts from the English Channel to south-east Scotland, Wales, and North Ireland, many roads being rendered impassable. Falls were heaviest in the West Country and this picture, looking across Dartmoor from Haytor, typifies recently prevailing conditions. On neighbouring Exmoor the drifts were particularly big and as a consequence several villages were isolated

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"OLD CONTEMPTIBLES" FORGATHER: The Lord Mayor (Sir George Broadbridge) about to pass up the steps between the ranks of standard bearers on arriving to attend the annual parade service of the London branch of the Old Contemptibles' Association at St. Paul's last Sunday. Preceding him is the City Marshal. *On right*—Standards being taken into the Cathedral. The Association held its yearly conference at Nottingham on Saturday, 100 delegates being present from all parts of the country, and it was decided that no new members should be received after 1938

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.

Wednesday, March 10, 1937.

ANOTHER KIND OF ARMAMENTS RACE.—The armaments race is in its stride and the nations are strung out, panting. And another race has started—the baby-in-armaments race. There is a real danger of cannon fodder running out before all the new bombs and shells are exploded and it would be damned hard if one of these poor mechanical beasts "did not get a Christian." Within a few hours of the Duce publishing his proposals for a new campaign to raise the Italian birthrate, the Führer weighed in with his. Nineteen per thousand births is not enough for the Führer, though Britain shows but fourteen per thousand and though Germany has no colonial outlets for her population. His "encouragements" are in the form of penalties under the penal code. Tremendous penalties up to ten years penal servitude for breaking Commandment seven and procuring abortion, but a tolerant smile for discriminate "irregularity." Bastards will be smiled on provided they are racially pure. To speak cynically of marriage will become a new misdemeanour punishable with fines and perhaps imprisonment, but a potential parent will get off cheap because prison life discourages child bearing. And potential parents will produce the bulk of such offenders. Patriotism with four children is "not enough" for the Führer. Patriotism implies six or seven children. The Duce says the same thing with flowers and bonuses and privileges. The Führer says it with penalties. Britain is going about the business by means of polite propaganda and better houses. The baby-in-armaments race is started, the flag has fallen.

IT'S AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM: Sir George Bonner, Senior Master of the Supreme Court and King's Remembrancer, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday and at the same time retired from his office. One of his most interesting duties was in connection with the annual ceremony at the Law Courts of the Rendering of Quit Rent Services to the Crown by the Corporation of the City of London, and he is pictured on left receiving the bill-hook, which to-day symbolises the payment of Quit Rent, a tax levied in earlier times on freeholders or copyholders wishing to be absolved from feudal service

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—The more democratic Britain has become, the greater has become the pride and the interest which the public takes in the monarchy and in all details concerning it. I do not refer to the sensational interest in ill-informed, malicious, or impertinent gossip. I mean the genuine, personal interest and pride which the average man and woman take in the life and well-being of the sovereign, in the organisation of the monarchy, and in the details of the household and its multifarious and important constitutional functions. But, because we grow more democratic, always we must expect more searchlights centred on the throne, and more and more "Left-wing" criticism of anything which wears an "undemocratic" or extravagant cloak. The Civil List is still to be debated and the Left-wingers will fling their darts. That is why I wish that some sort of explanation might be published for popular comprehension with the publication of the composition of the Royal Households. Few people know what the list implies, few realise how multifarious and important are the duties of the monarch and his household. Knowing so little, not comprehending that many of the "appointments" are purely honorary, the inquisitive man-in-the-street begins to "count the heads" in the vast list of household appointments. What, he asks, does a healthy King want with thirty-five official doctors? What sums are paid to his thirty or forty "official" chaplains? What services are performed by so many gentlemen ushers, many of whom were performing the same function in Queen Victoria's reign? It is (in our democratic age) not enough to dismiss such questions as mere vulgar, ignorant, and impertinent curiosity. Government fears and panders to our democracy. It is always stressing the democratic nature of the monarchy. It is perfectly informed of the educational standard of that democracy, and it would be a very wise action on the part of the Government to clear the air before the Civil List debate by an explanation of these household appointments, making a clear distinction between essential and honorary or merely picturesque and traditional appointments. Nearly all the claptrap and twaddle that are talked concerning the Royal Family are based on profound ignorance of the function, tradition, and ceremonial of the monarchy.

HOME OF LEFT CAUSES.—The Oxford Conservatives are talking about "next time," planning to put their disorderly house in order. Oxford is represented by two Independents, of whom Sir Arthur Salter was the more logical choice. For his name is closely identified with Oxford. Has not Salter's headquarters been for generations the goal of sweating, striving undergraduates? Oxford for the first time in history has thrown Conservatism overboard. She is, though she may not say so, a Left-wing stronghold, and bearing ever more to the Left. As has been pointed out, Oxford elections are no longer decided in the parsonages of England. They are decided by graduates in the twenties. And Sir Arthur had the ladies on his side also. A sharp lesson, say all the disappointed, for the Conservatives. But there is nothing new in this manifestation of utter lack of organisation, policy, control, and discipline in central and local Conservative associations. It is an accepted and apparently irremediable fact. Much more was this by-election an unedifying exposure of academic Oxford and Oxford representative men outside the University circle. We had an exhibition of quarrelling dons, muddled chairmen, flapping dirty linen and cap-and-gown vendettas. Small wonder if Oxford took Conservatism (Oxford style) by the seat of its trousers and threw it into the Isis below Salter's boathouse and chucked its mortar-board in after the body.

DOLEFUL STATISTICS.—Such a winter for cheerless, sunless, stormy, constantly flooded, eternally sodden conditions, is (I hope) without parallel and without surpasser. It has been one long, deep depression; 15½ ins.

of rain have fallen on my own roof since January 1, and my only consolation is that only a very small percentage came through the tiles. One West of England centre averaged 7 ins. in February and 8 ins. in January—almost half a normal year's rainfall in the Thames Valley (which has had 11 ins. already this year). Small wonder, if coughs, colds, and 'flu have been rife and rheumatism widespread. Honour to all who have maintained a philosophic spirit and disseminated a grain or two of optimism. This winter indeed has nearly snatched away the last straw from the hands of the drowning countryman. English domestics have long ago given up domestic service in country places and now the cheerful, kindly Austrians, who leapt into the breach, are acutely homesick for the sunshine of Austria and declare that they cannot endure another winter in England under conditions so *traurig*. The effect of this damnable winter is widely seen in many mad and macabre and ghoulish manifestations of human mentality. Could anything else have decided the twelve jurymen who condemned Buck Ruxton to the gallows to form, with the Court Usher, a "13 Club" with the intention of retiring together into seclusion on March 13 to gloat over

the details and recapture the foetid atmosphere of that sordid trial. Since human nature alone could not possibly be so base and beastly as to form that design, you may and must blame this unhealthiness on the unhealthy winter.

THE ASHES.—The Ashes will not be disturbed. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, which means: "Let them hold the urn who have earned it." The Test series 1936–7 was decided when Bradman won the toss at Melbourne on February 26. A wicket cannot last for ever, whatever the weather conditions, and Australia, by winning the toss, was still entitled to "continue the first innings" on the *third* day of play, the *last* day in county cricket. Lord, what grit and patience international cricketers need! I am afraid Allen had two pretty severe days of it at the start. Well, we began the tour well, and set a superb example of keenness in the field. Allen was a good captain off the field and on it—a good Ambassador of Empire. But Australia had more runs in their bat-lockers from the start, potentially, and a much more varied attack. In the batting it was never "Bradman v. Hammond" as some cynics said. Australia had more dangerous century makers than England and better bowling. England sent across the weakest team in decades. Australia retains those Ashes. We have no reason to put on the sackcloth, unless for the doleful finale. Our team gave Australia the most sporting struggle for decades—for it went to the last lap. And the team won golden opinions for good fellowship, keenness, and sportsmanship. And —tremendous trifle—no Test series ever proved so box-office. There will be a welcome divide for hard pressed county cricket. The takings were nearly £90,000.

COAL CONSUMERS' GRIEVANCES.—Sir David Milne-Watson's strong remarks recently made on the vicious policy of the Coal Mines Act of 1930 are justified. He was speaking for a large consumer, the Gas Light and Coke Company, at its 230th Ordinary General Meeting. What he said applies with equal force to the small coal user. Coal consumers, large and small, have become the victims of the complete monopoly, which has resulted from Government legislation, of a commodity of vital national necessity. Coal can only be bought by the public at famine prices fixed to bolster up an industry which the Government cannot tackle resolutely or constructively. Not many years ago a householder could buy kitchen coal delivered at 23s. a ton. To-day he must pay 46s. for a low grade household coal. It is the most shortsighted policy any Government has ever fallen into. The vicious circle is already in evidence. The small man is devising every means whereby he can heat his house and cook his food without use of coal. A huge impetus has been given to the sale of cookers designed for a minimum consumption of coke—2 tons per annum. Central heating and wood fires have taken the place of coal fires, and since coke has risen automatically with the price of coal, many people have perforce reduced the period when they keep their central-heating furnaces going, to the few days of real winter. The public will not forever endure being "held up" by Government on a vital industry, and even now polite blackmail is being employed by the public on their members of Parliament and very soon the fall in domestic consumption will be noticed by the industry itself. The only gleam of hope for the industry and the public is the possibility of a return to coal fuel for a part of the Merchant Marine, a very wise step-back.

TYRANNY OF WEAK GOVERNMENT.—One of the curses of this trade is the middlemen who so hugely increase the cost per ton to the consumer, and any Government, with time to spare to domestic problems, would by now have devised a scheme of supply more directly from pit to consumer. The social historian one day will review our generation with a severe note on the outrageous way in which the Government of our day—our democratic heyday!—suffered the exploitation of the public by monopolies in the sphere of vital household needs—heating and lighting. To patch up an industry which it had not the ability to rationalise, it raised the price of coal against the consumer to famine prices, thereby killing a good and safe market. To boost its vaunted pride in a new age of electricity, created by its genius, it gave a monopoly of electricity to scores of local undertakings, incapable of vision or efficient organisation, and suffered these to offer current to the public at charges at once shortsighted, crippling, and unjust. And, to boost electricity, it showed some unfairness towards the sound, useful, and ancient gas industry. Now it has suddenly realised the blindness of that policy and promises amendment—some day. It is indeed high time that the public rose in revolt and compelled the Government—which has all the cowardice of Governments under a democracy—to put a period to such shortsighted exploitation. It is an example of the worst sort of dictatorship—it is tyranny of a weak Government.

STARS IN THEIR GREASE-PAINTS.—It was Granville Barker's reminder (to which I referred last week) that every form of the dramatic art stands or falls by the flesh and blood element, and that no mechanical process can ever take its place—that sent me back to the Victoria Palace after long years of absence. Here indeed is flesh and blood, here the human element rules and rages. And not a doubt of it, this survival of the old music hall *mélange* is worth ten premier films and a dozen broadcast shows. The audience is so electric, so sympathetic. The magnetic field between performer and audience is pulsing, and each is emotionally keyed up by it. You could clearly see the effect on Gipsy Nina and Darlene Walders; it stimulated the Heltanos and the Gaudsmiths to incredible activities; Douglas Byng and the Dormondes responded to it and their humour grew broader the longer they held the stage. There was a taking-off of Mrs. Roosevelt by Miss Bowman which must make the American public (and perhaps for a different reason the White House) rock. All the old features of Victorian vaudeville survive and flourish at V.P.—the trick cyclists, the strong men, the human pyramids, the performing animals, the licensed lavatory humour, the sentiment and the patriotism and the old jokes about drunkenness and foreigners. It is a heartening experience for a Victorian to visit her Palace and to note how many true and loyal Victorians still survive on either side of the footlights. It is bodies and souls which count and for ever will count in dramatic entertainments.

CHILD OFFENDERS—THEORY AND PRACTICE.—The sentimentalists galvanised into activity a few years back the official theorists. It was a barbarous survival that delicate boy offenders should be dragged into Court to be terrorised by the sight of policemen in uniform and fearful magistrates on a dais. So an Act was passed and youthful offenders under seventeen — thieves, housebreakers, and so forth—could no longer be brought into open Court. The police must change into mufti, the magistrates' retiring room must be the venue, and a woman magistrate must soften the harsh brutality of the average male J.P. The atmosphere must be Edwardian nursery. And so it was. A year or two passed. It is found that about eight-tenths of the serious crimes of this country are committed by juveniles. It is clearly shown that the one thing which young offenders (an undisciplined element in an undisciplined generation) need is a taste of the majesty of the law, a little awe of the forces of order—as a deterrent. So in many districts harrowed Chief Constables and Chairmen of Benches are praying for the reversal of a silly, sentimental reform. Silly and ineffective, because in practice it has removed one real deterrent to juvenile offenders and because it was a half-measure. Innocent children are still dragged into the publicity and majesty of the formal Court in those unpleasant cases where the offender is an adult who has wronged children.

THE OLD STAGER

O WINTER! RULER OF THE INVERTED YEAR: While Guardsmen march briskly past in the bitter wind, the snow is cleared away from the main entrance of Buckingham Palace. A picture taken after last Sunday's heavy fall which occurred in almost all districts from the English Channel to south-east Scotland, and, strangely enough, was heaviest in counties south of the Thames

HEADLINED

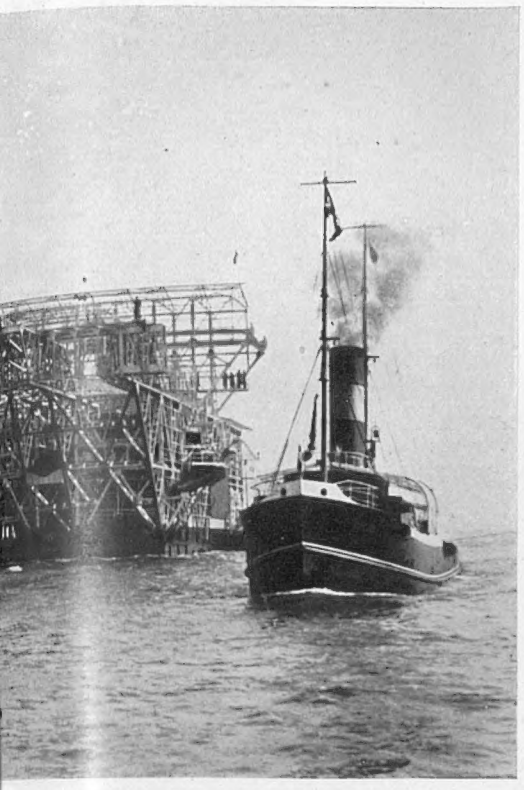
SANG FROID! The tigers at Whipsnade open-air zoo seem quite undeterred by the Arctic conditions and one of the four pictured above is actually lying in the icy water while another sits composedly on the snowy shore. *Below*—Trouble brewing in the snow-covered enclosure

THE C.-in-C. INSPECTS: Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans, K.C.B., D.S.O. (Evans of the *Broke*), the Commander-in-Chief, the Nore, with boys of the new naval training establishment at Sheerness, known as H.M.S. *Wildfire*. It was formerly the sub-depot, but has now been reconditioned to accommodate over 500 boys, of whom 365 are at present under instruction. Captain James Figgins (formerly of H.M.S. *Bridgewater*) is in command

PRELUDE TO DISASTER: The 3,500-ton tin kind in the world, pictured with attendant en route to the Island of Banka, near Sumatra, operation. On Monday morning, however, it Eddystone Lighthouse and, owing to its very

SALVAGE ATTEMPTS: A member of the crew of the naval vessel *Colne* standing on the up-turned hull of the 3,500-ton tin dredger *Kantoeng* after it had capsized in the Channel. He was trying to secure a line which might enable the dredger to be brought to Plymouth Harbour, but it was reported on Tuesday that Lloyd's regarded the *Kantoeng* as a total loss. It was

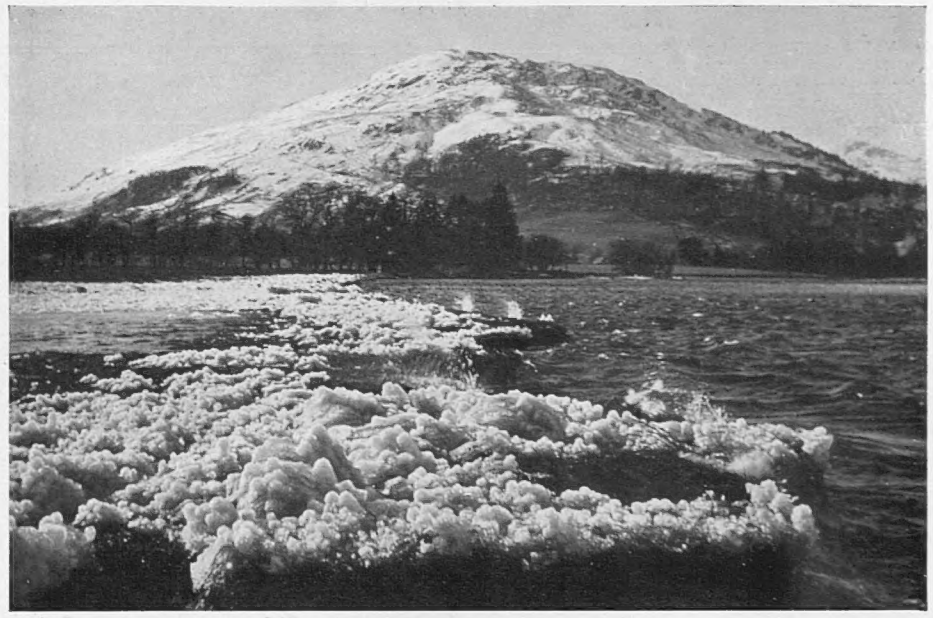
HAPPENINGS



dredger, *Kantoeng*, said to be the largest craft of its sea-going tugs as it left Rotterdam Harbour last week Dutch East Indies, where it was to have been put into was caught in a severe snowstorm when passing the high and top-heavy superstructure, suddenly turned turtle

Insured by the joint owners—Hudig and Co., of Rotterdam, and De Vos and Co., of Amsterdam—for a sum in the neighbourhood of £150,000, and practically the whole of this loss is being borne by London underwriters. The premium, it is understood, was the high one of £5 per cent., as the marine insurance world regards the risk involved in towing dredgers at sea as very considerable

WINTER SPORTS THRILLS ON HAMPSTEAD HEIGHTS: Last Sunday's snowstorm laid a carpet of white several inches deep on the Heath and tobogganing enthusiasts had the time of their lives. This girl is handling her luge with rare skill and is obviousiy enjoying herself immensely



BY LOCH TAY'S ICE-FRINGED SHORE: An Arctic scene in the Highlands, near the town of Killin, with a snow-capped peak dominating the background. A picture taken during last week-end

TRAGEDY DOWN UNDER: Miners engaged in clearing away the piled-up wreckage of "trams" after the recent disaster at the Victoria State coal mine at Wonthaggi, Australia, when thirteen men were trapped 700 ft. below ground and lost their lives before aid could be brought to them. For five days and nights gas-masked rescuers toiled unceasingly in an endeavour to reach their colleagues, but it was of no avail. Judging by the evidence of damage in this picture the force of the explosion must have been terrific. Coal production is on a small scale in Victoria, the State producing about one-sixteenth of the total output of the Commonwealth

INDIA VOTES: The scene outside a Lahore polling station dur ng the first elections to be held under the new Constitution. More than five thousand candidates stood

CONGRESS DANCES!

The Extreme Nationalist Faction Does Well in the Indian Elections; the Party whose Obenly Avowed Policy it is to Wreck the New Constitution

THE first episode in the great experiment of self-government for India has now concluded. On February 15 the election of the Provincial Legislatures was completed. The results were slow in coming in and it was not till last Monday that the last of them were published. As foreshadowed in the earlier reports the elections are a triumph for the party whose avowed policy is to wreck the new Constitution. In the United Provinces, the Central Provinces, Bombay, Madras, Orissa, and Bihar, Congress has been victorious. In the North-West Provinces and Assam it has a strong minority. Only in Punjab and Bengal has it received a serious check.

The figures for All-India are: Congress, 714 seats; others, 863 seats. But the absolute total majority, which has been barely secured by its opponents, is no indication of the strength which Congress will possess in each of the provincial assemblies. In those where it has a majority it will rule undisputed. In the others it will merely be faced by a ramshackle coalition whose instability will render it practically powerless. The other parties have nothing to bind them together and no experience of the kind that is needed to make Parliament work.

The political divisions are by no means the same in all provinces. In Bengal and the Punjab it is a case of Hindu against Muslim; in Madras, of Brahmin and non-Brahmin. In some provinces one brand of the same religion is opposed to another. It is only in Bombay, Bihar, the United Provinces, Orissa, and Assam that there is a clear-cut issue as between Congress and non-Congress. In the remainder confusion is complete.

Out of this confusion Congress, that is to say the extreme nationalist faction of the All-India Party, may be expected to extract the maximum of profit. The party is sworn to make the experiment fail and it will have ample opportunities of doing so. Its success at the elections, in fact, would seem to justify the boast of the leaders that it would be easier to wreck the Constitution from within than without. Having rejected the federal plan it would have been more logical to abstain from the election! But Congress calculated that it could do more harm by taking part. It is the difference between removing the rails and deliberately driving the engine off the track. It remains to be seen whether experience in control will modify the fanaticism of the wreckers.

One of the most marked features of the election is the elimination of the Liberals. These remnants of an earlier and more amenable tradition, on whom Sir Samuel Hoare placed such high hopes when pleading for the India Bill, have all but vanished from the scene. In their place has appeared a Socialist Party, whose influence may grow rapidly in the future.

For the vast majority of the 30,000,000 voters, however, the nominal differences between the parties and the theoretical policies that they stand for, are as remote and as incomprehensible as the stars above their heads. Caste divisions and religious antagonisms they understand; but federal government, provincial autonomy, nationalism and socialism, are so many meaningless phrases. In spite of the efforts of the propagandists to make them India- or class-conscious, their mental horizon is bounded by their village, and the people and things with which their contact is immediate. It is useless to talk of such beings choosing their own destiny; democracy in India for many years to come can only mean the power of a small number to use the rest for their own ends.

Of these a vast number are still illiterate and their inability to read or write gave rise to amusing incidents during the polling. Some of the candidates, despairing of the written word, adopted symbols, such as the bicycle, the umbrella, or the lotus. The electors were invited to vote for one of these objects. The method of selection may seem irrational to Western minds, but in the circumstances it was probably as good as any other. The average Indian peasant may well prefer a bicycle to a lotus; he cannot possibly have any feeling as between Left and Right and Centre.

As might have been expected, extraordinary devices were adopted for fraudulent voting. In one constituency a complaint was lodged that eighty Muslims, long since dead, had been resurrected at the polling booth. Some persons impersonated others as many as twenty times, while several men, taking advantage of *purdah*, were detected under the veils of women. False names, and finger impressions which did not tally with the name, were common tricks, as was the recording of votes by absentees. There was also a good deal of intimidation. In accordance with the principle of self-government, the polling was left largely to the supervision of Indians, and British officials abstained as far as possible from interference. The new game was undoubtedly very popular, and after recording their votes the electors generally devoted the rest of the day to feasting and dancing.

It is, of course, too early to predict the outcome of the present experiment. It is by far the largest of its kind that has ever been attempted, and it would be rash to try and foresee all the consequences. One thing, however, seems certain: there will be no gratitude shown to England for conceding this first stage of autonomy to India. By far the largest and most influential party returned by the electors is the party whose aim is to drive the English out of India.

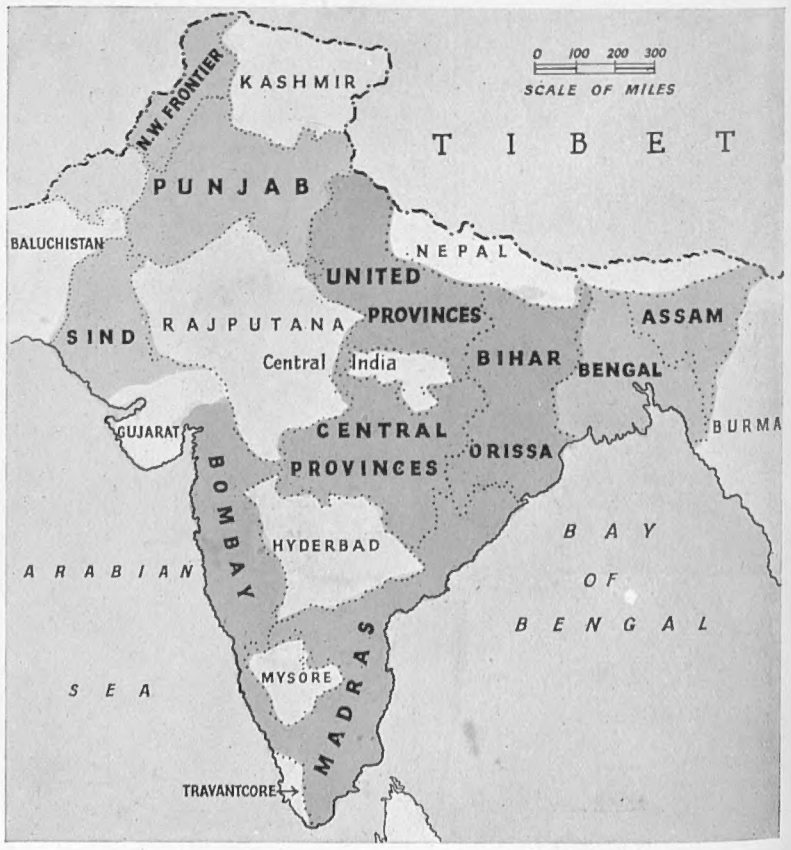
The Indian Election Returns

The following statement shows the relative strength of Congress and all other parties:

Bombay: Congress, 88; others, 87. **Punjab:** Congress, 30; others, 145. **Bengal:** Congress, 43; others, 207. **Bihar:** Congress, 98; others, 54. **Orissa:** Congress, 36; others, 24. **United Provinces:** Congress, 133; others, 95. **Sind:** Congress, 7; others, 53. **North-West Frontier Province:** Congress, 19; others, 31. **Madras:** Congress, 156; others, 55 (four yet to be declared). **Central Provinces:** Congress, 70; others, 35 (four yet to be declared). **Assam:** Congress, 35; others, 73.

This gives an All-India total of: Congress, 714; others, 863.—Exchange.

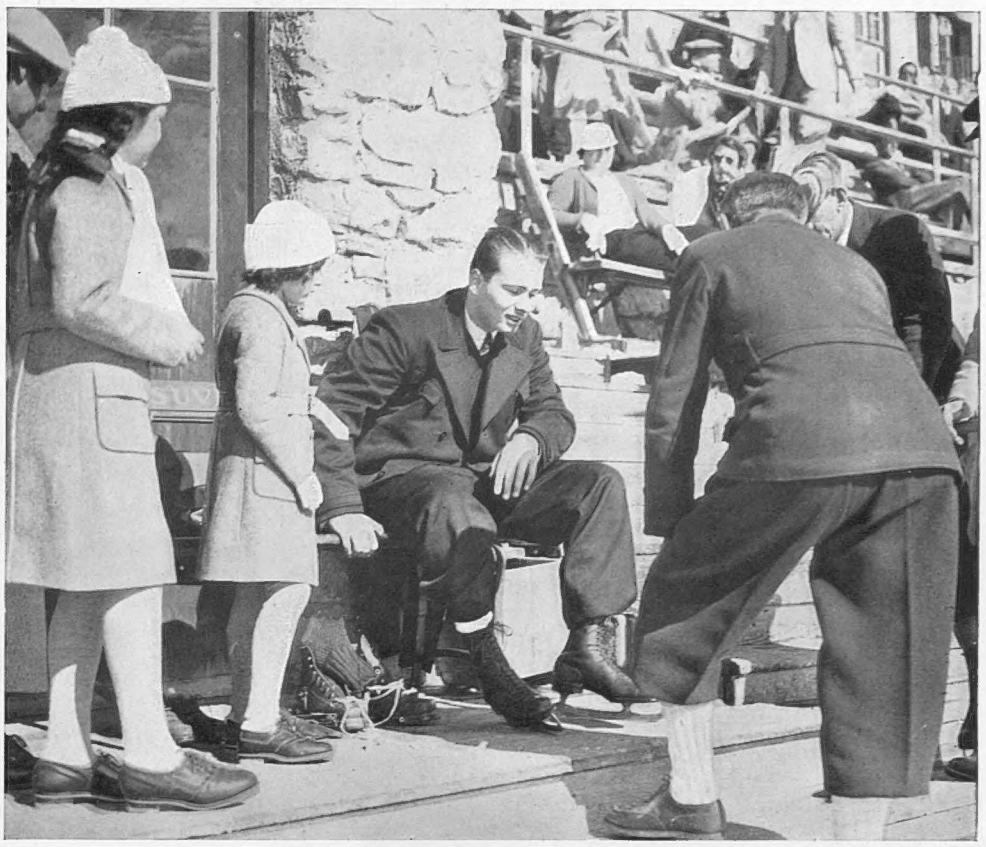
POETESS, POLITICIAN, AND FEMINIST: Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivering an open-air address at Lahore prior to the Indian elections. She is an ardent nationalist



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map of India showing (darker tint) the various regions in which the anti-Imperialistic Congress Party attained working majorities in the Indian elections and (lighter tint) the regions in which they are in a minority. In Mysore, Hyderabad, and Rajputana there was no voting

The EGYPTIAN ROYAL FAMILY on HOLIDAY in SWITZERLAND

King Farouk, the Queen Mother, and the Princesses Enjoy the Winter Sports at St. Moritz and Take Their First Skating Lessons

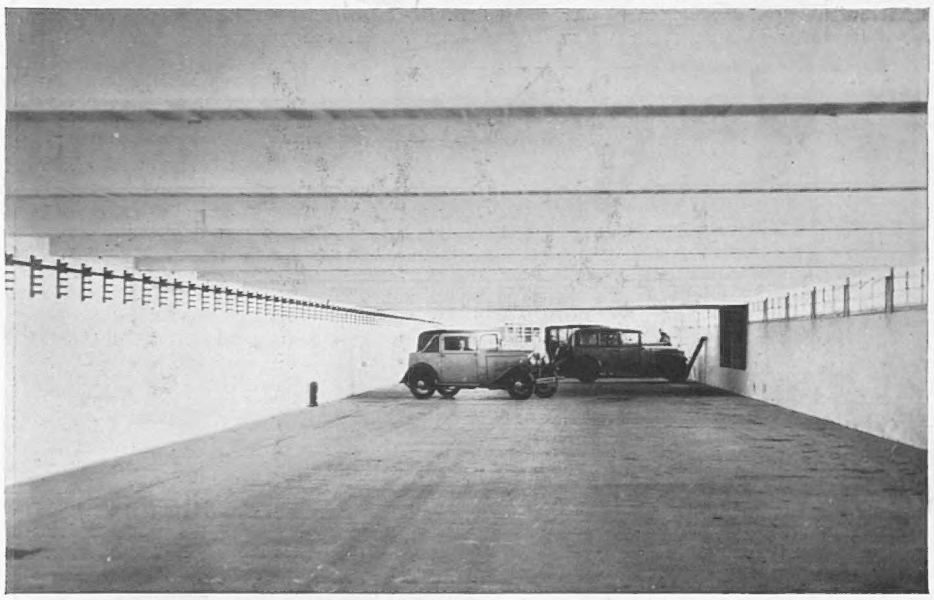


ROYAL VACATION: King Farouk I, who ascended the Egyptian throne on April 28, 1936, following the death of King Fuad, is now enjoying a well earned holiday in Switzerland after nearly a year of activity culminating in the recent arduous tour of the Egyptian provinces. His Majesty will be coming over to England for the Coronation, but he will witness the pageantry in a purely private capacity. *Left*—The King going for a drive through St. Moritz with the Queen Mother and (*above*) taking a rest after his first skating lesson. With him are Princesses Faikah and Fathia, the youngest of his four sisters

BOUND FOR THE SKI-ING GROUNDS: The Egyptian Queen Mother (left) followed by pigtailed Princesses Faiza and Fewzie, her two eldest daughters, a lady in waiting, and other members of the royal entourage as she walked down the steps of her St. Moritz hotel. Her Majesty was King Fuad's second wife and has five children, the eldest of whom King Farouk has just celebrated his seventeenth birthday. The youngest was born in 1930

HASTINGS SOLVES *the* CAR PARKING PROBLEM

MOTORISTS GO BELOW GROUND: Mr. Hore Belisha (*right*), the Minister of Transport, was a few days ago the centre of a storm of protest when he threatened to ban the parking of cars in London's streets, and in view of this it is interesting to see how the town of Hastings has already solved the problem. *Left*—A taxi about to enter the underground garage which has been constructed beneath the sea-front. No vehicles are allowed to park on the road

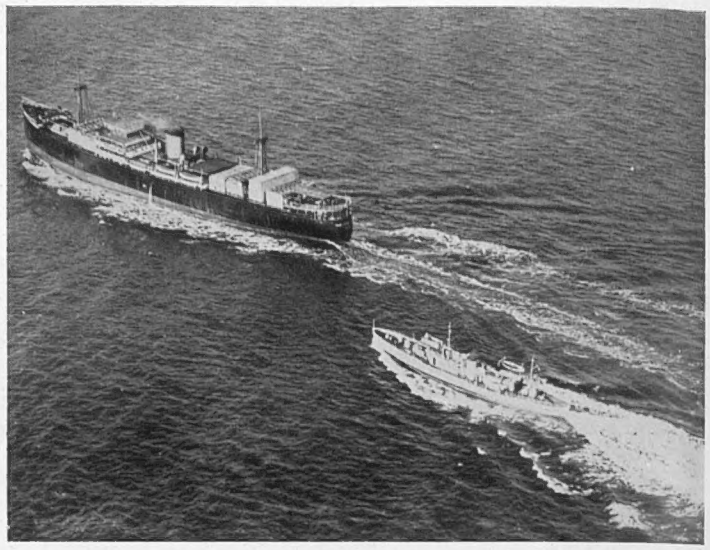


EVERY CONVENIENCE: One of Hastings' new underground car parks each of which can hold 200 cars with ease and, at holiday time, will be able to accommodate as many as 400. They are absolutely fire-proof, being constructed entirely of concrete, and have an elaborate electric lighting system. The charge for parking is the very moderate one of 6d. for eight hours

OUTWARD BOUND: A Daimler saloon leaving the Hastings underground car park on the inclined way. The system has already been found to be most efficient in operation and there is no congestion even when a number of drivers are attempting to get away at the same time

THE "MAR CANTABRICO" CAPTURED

And Other News Events of Interest—Italian and German Labour Leaders Forgather in Berlin

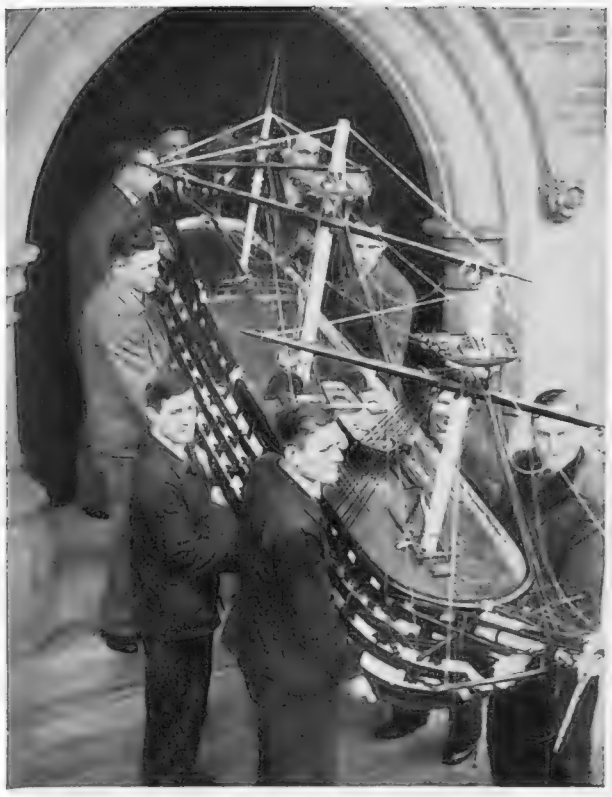


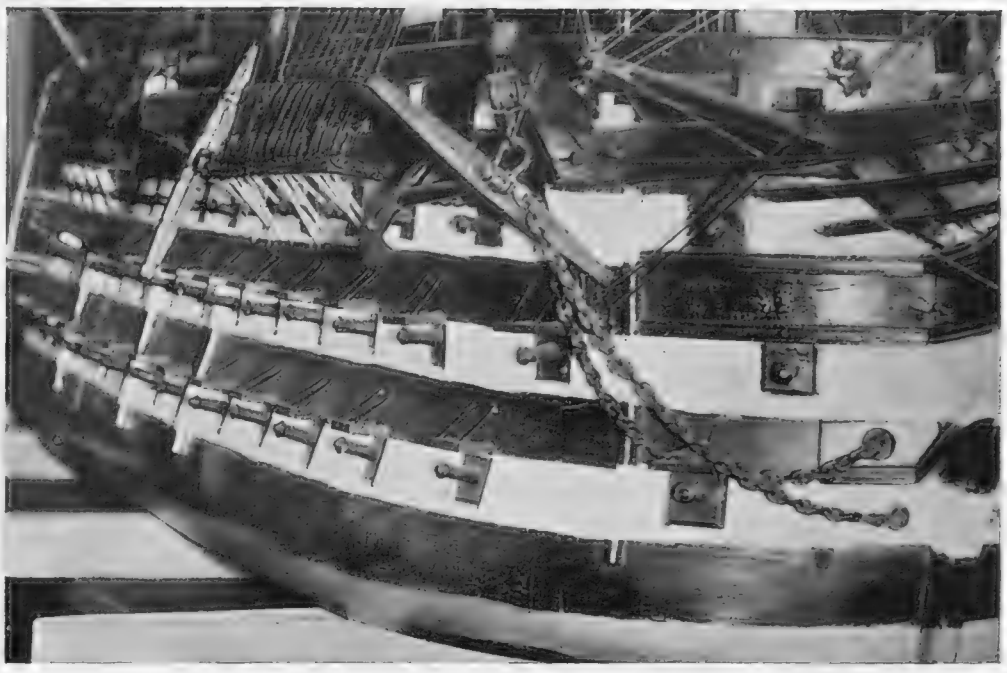
ARMS SHIP'S CAPTURE: The *Mar Cantabrico*, a vessel of 6,632 tons owned by Cia Maritima del Nervion of Bilbao, left New York on January 6 with a cargo of war materials worth £500,000 for the Spanish Government forces, and in so doing evaded the American Arms Export Embargo about to be passed by Congress. The coastguard cutter, *Icarus*, which is depicted here pursuing her, brought the ship to a halt, but it was eventually decided to allow her to proceed on her way. The *Mar Cantabrico* was next heard of at Vera Cruz, Mexico, which she left on February 19, presumably bound for Valencia. However, in spite of using the name of the Elder Dempster liner *Adda*, and flying the British flag, she failed to run the rebel blockade and was this week taken as a war prize by the rebel cruiser *Canarias*

GRANDSON OF LORD FALKLAND CHRISTENED: Mr. William Edwards and the Hon. Mrs. William Edwards, daughter of the thirteenth Viscount Falkland, seen as they left their home in Westminster with their baby son who was christened last Tuesday at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

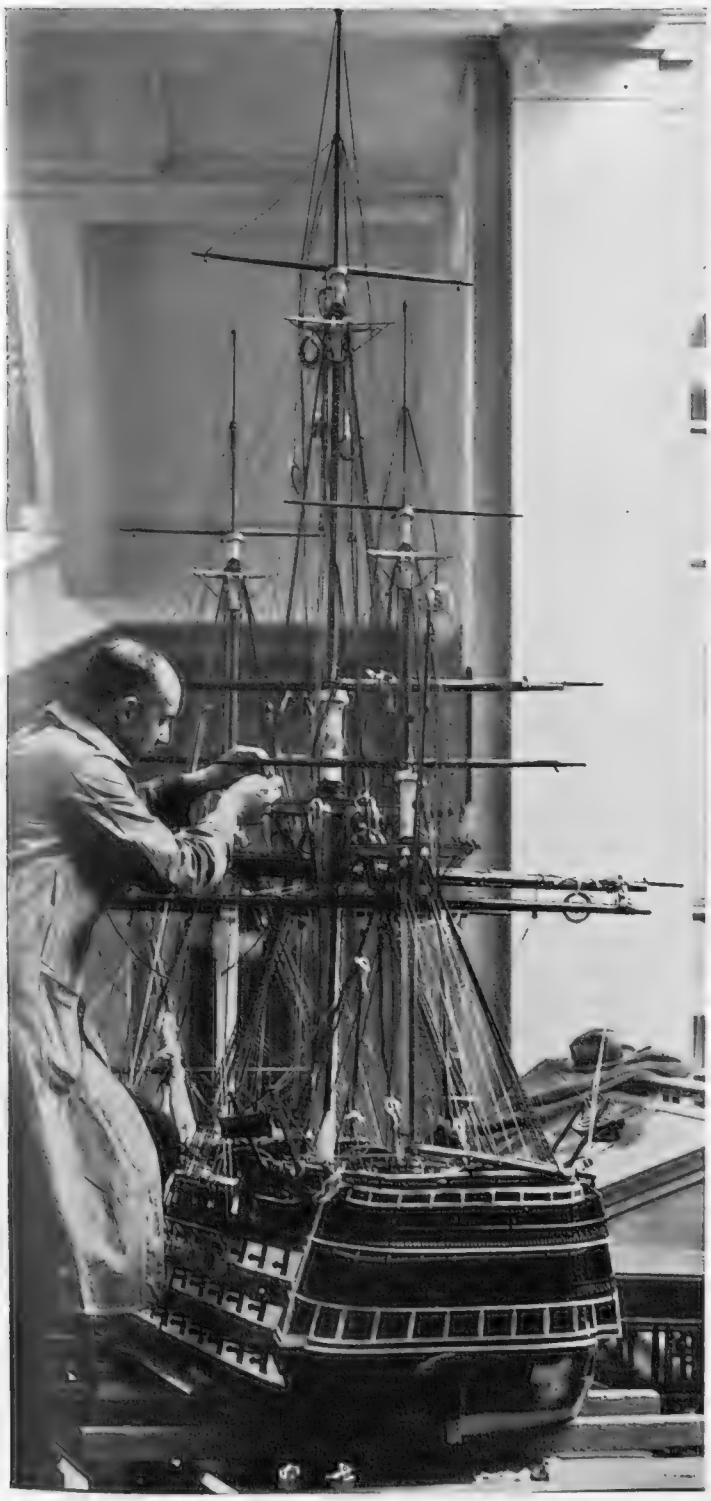
FASCISTS AND NAZIS MEET: Signor Cianetti (centre), the Italian Labour leader, seen with Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, and Dr. Ley (second from left), the Nazi Labour leader, when he recently paid an official visit to Berlin. Signor Cianetti holds one of the key posts of Italian industry as head of the Corporation of the Syndicates of Workers whose interests he represents in Parliament. He works in conjunction with Count Volpi, spokesman of the employers, and it is their task to ensure the smooth running of Italy's industrial machine

Of Ships OLD AND NEW

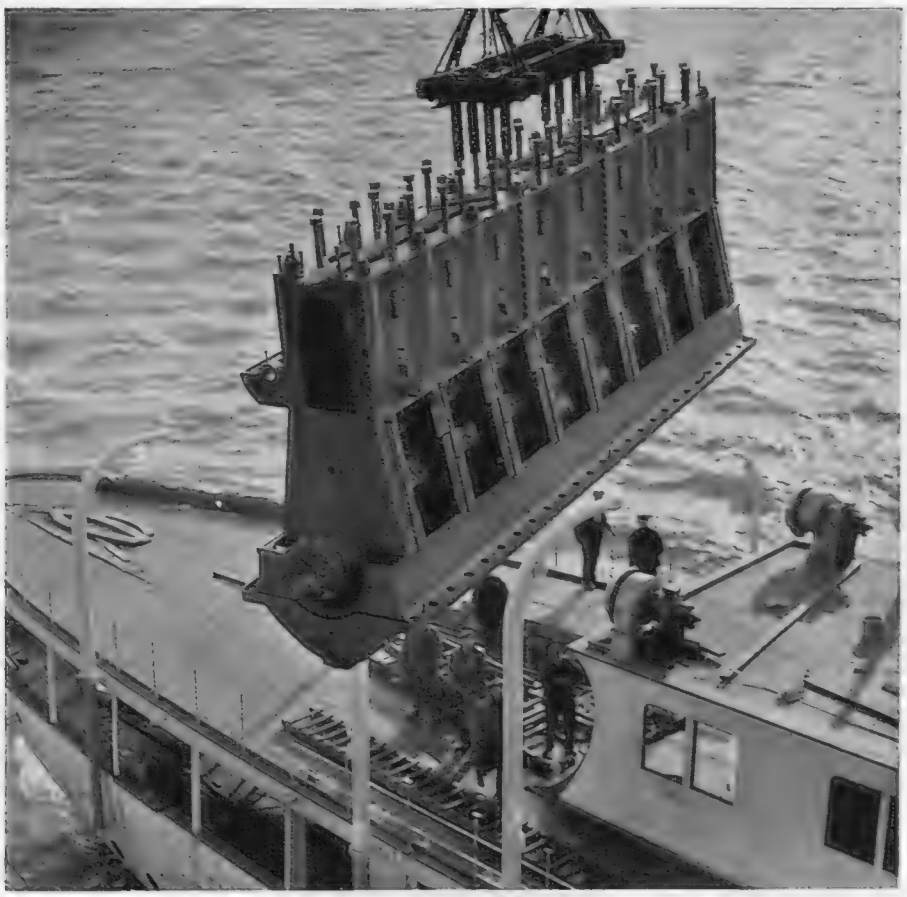




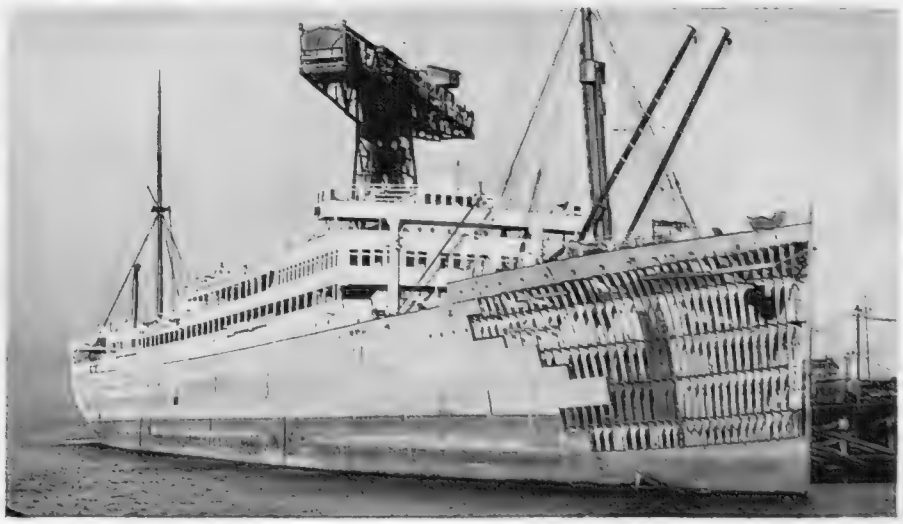
MAN-OF-WAR IN MINIATURE: Among the bequests of Lady Gilbert, widow of Sir William Gilbert of Savoy Opera fame, was a beautiful model of H.M.S. *Queen*, —one of the largest of the sailing battleships—which she left to the Science Museum, South Kensington. *Left*—The model being carried through the doorway of Lady Gilbert's house at Harrow Weald, its towering topmasts removed for the occasion. *Above*—A close-up showing the three tiers of guns in rather more detail



PUTTING HER SHIP-SHAPE: Re-erecting the rigging of the model of H.M.S. *Queen* after removal from Lady Gilbert's house to the Science Museum, where it is now on display in the model ship gallery. The *Queen*, dating from the late eighteen thirties, was bluff in the bow and had a spacious stern walk around the poop



POTTED POWER: Craning one of the 45-ton marine diesel engines aboard Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new luxury yacht *Philante* now being fitted out at Southampton following her launch last month. When completed she is to act as escort and storeship for the owner's *Endeavour II*, challenger for the America's Cup, and it is hoped that she will be ready in May



LENGTHENING A LINER TO INCREASE HER SPEED: The *Arundel Castle*, one of the older ships of the Union-Castle fleet, in dock at Belfast while the work of giving her new engines and adding some 25 ft. to her bow was in progress. As a result of these alterations it is anticipated that she will be able to make the Cape Town trip in 13¾ instead of 16½ days and thus equal the performances of the new vessels *Stirling Castle* and *Athlone Castle*.

WATCHING AND WAITING: Members of the Garde Mobile on duty at the junction of the rue Balzac and the Champs-Elysées during a disturbance in Paris last July. "The Garde," says Ferdinand Tuohy, "is the stand-by buffer that each successive Government maintains in reserve for flinging in should the two opposing camps, Right and Left, fly at each other's throats." Of recent years it has grown enormously both in importance and in personnel

Law-abiding France Pins its Faith on the GARDE MOBILE

says

FERDINAND TUOHY

RECENTLY a Conservative M.P. made a somewhat lame plea that we establish a military police force for service at home "like every other country in the world . . . like the Carabinieri or an extension of the Royal Marines."

Foreign admiration for our police has become a standing joke yet it is far from all being of the kind portrayed by a Hollywood star gazing up at a traffic cop in Piccadilly Circus. Our police are more widely and intelligently admired because they do it all unarmed. Had Captain Macnamara here qualified "like in no other country in the world," he would have been saying rather more than he did.

We need no such military police for civil purposes, but let me present a country that very much does, whose Government is at this moment depending emphatically on the loyalty and efficiency of such a corps for the prevention of civil war.

The French Garde Mobile, created by Aristide Briand sixteen years ago, and which must not be confused with the much less numerous Republican Guard of the long black horse hair flowing from the helmet, is the stand-by buffer that each successive Government, and Léon Blum's more so than any previous one, maintains in reserve for flinging in should the two opposing camps, Right and Left, or, as many will have it, Fascists and Communists, fly at each other's throats. Here is a force (it is reckoned) of first-rate physique, dignified courage, and specialised training, that will take neither side but stick strictly to obeying the Government in power.

As a fact, the Garde Mobile is becoming notably more than that. Under Edouard Daladier, who has partial control of it as Defence Minister, it is being shipped to North Africa to stand by over there in case of anticipated native outbreaks. Ten companies latterly left for Algeria. Again, it is to the Garde Mobile that is falling the bulk of the extra duties emanating from the non-intervention watch along the Pyrenees.

To show how this corps is gaining in importance, eight years ago it numbered 268 officers and 6,555 men, whereas to-day its complement is known to exceed 700 officers and 20,000 men. In normal times the Garde Mobile operates in detachments of three, which are in turn incorporated in companies, which merge into groups, which finally form legions. There are ten legions dotted over the country, each legion being responsible for a vast region. The Garde is about evenly divided into mounted and dismounted detachments and has now been strengthened by the addition of a tank and a machine-gun company.

The tendency is to militarise the Garde increasingly, for another of its allotted tasks, and assuredly not the least, is to be among the first to assist in blocking a crash-through invasion—that is, the frontier legions. In peace time many *pelotons* of these frontier groups have the weighty duty of permanently patrolling the Maginot line, on the look-out for suspects, hundreds of whom have been apprehended. Here, the work is done mainly on push-bikes. Should war come, these detachments would at once take up pivotal protective positions along the fabled line.

You can safely attribute to that great Defence Minister Daladier ("le Carnot de nos jours," Carnot, without whose A. G. and Q. M. G. work Bonaparte could not have done it), the growth, spirit, and increasing national importance of the Garde Mobile. Daladier first acceded to power the same day as did Hitler. He then also took the War Ministry and from the start began to devote his attention to that force which he recognised would one day be a prime bastion of the Republic. Briand originally created the Garde to cope with circumstances brought about by the great post-war reduction of military service. As Colonel Grasset wrote, "In order to free the Army from the task of maintaining order in the street, and the respect of laws." That original Garde was a small and closed affair. Candidates could only hope to be enrolled if they were ex-regulars In 1933–34 M. Daladier did away with that and now any young man who has done his military service has a chance provided he comes up to an extremely high standard in various respects. The result is that to-day, with careers hard to fashion, there is a glut of candidates, seeing that the pay, living conditions, remissions, and allowances, and, above all, the pension for the eventual glorious *retraite*, ever shining as a beacon for all Frenchmen, are jointly enticing.

INTO BATTLE: Mounted men of the Garde Mobile about to put down a clash near the Arc de Triomphe between Left and Right wing partisans

Daladier knew what he was about. The French public first became fully conscious of the nature and worth of the new trained body on the fateful night of the Concorde riots, when, had it not been for the Garde mainly holding the Seine bridge leading across to the Chamber, the mixed and wildly exalted mob must have sacked that place and, by all accounts, have passed to uncontrollable killing of many deputies sheltering there. On this memorable occasion when the present regime was saved for the first time—it may have to be saved again—the Garde Mobile was helped both by the ordinary gendarmerie and by the Republican Guard. But it was the first that garnished the laurels of the day and won a respect from the public that has shown no signs of diminishing since. On the contrary; on each fresh occasion of contact the public seeks to curry favour with the Garde—joshing it along, as we should say. Fascists and Communists vie with one another in staccato chorusing: "La Garde avec nous! La Garde avec nous!" Whereat the Garde smiles benevolently, it being on such a good thing—not necessarily a kushi job, but positively a good thing.

The Garde won its spurs that winter's night. And the high light of the spur winning came when Colonel de la Rocque advanced down the rue de Bourgogne at the head of 4,000 Croix de Feu. By the rue St. Dominique he encountered a Garde Mobile cordon under Adjutant Dumora. "I am a former colonel," commanded de la Rocque of the N.C.O. confronting him. "Let us pass. We are going to the Chamber." "And I am a soldier," returned Dumora, "and I have my orders. And if you pass, it is that we shall all be dead." To paraphrase a famous Verdun slogan, they did not pass.

The Garde suffered chiefly that night from razor blade gashes. Safety razor blades at the end of sticks and things. It also was bombarded with masonry, pieces of railing, with anything liable to disable, but newly-issued tin helmets proved godsends. Towards midnight the Garde took the decisive action of firing into the mob, after first firing blank and having duly sounded warning flourishes known to all, and it was the Garde that terminated the tragic occasion by pursuing the runaways amid the trees of the Champs Elysées.

There followed a huge Red counter-blast, surprisingly controlled by the Garde without bloodshed, then a general strike. Meanwhile the new repressive force was receiving an avalanche of menaces, a repeated one reminding the Garde of "la Loi du Talion," an echo from the past, implying what some are pleased to call worse than death for the "females" of "mercenary murderers." But nothing came of it. The females continued to circulate unmolested, adjacent to their modern apartment blocks and barracks.

Since those days the Garde has intervened many times. It is dispatched in bulk wherever manifestations, strikes, special occasions threaten trouble. The traveller will see groups of the corps at railway stations, usually at week-ends. Not long ago half a train-full boarded the Brussels-Bâle express at Metz. Their destination was Mulhouse, where Communists were to try and speak despite a Government ban imposed to mollify Hitler, who doesn't like Red broadcasts from so close as "German" Alsace.

(Continued on page 424)

IN LIGHTER MOOD: A flower seller offers her wares to members of the Garde on duty in a Paris street on May Day, always a time when trouble is to be anticipated and when the Garde always turns out in force. It is an organisation that enjoys considerable popularity these days, largely because it is characterised by unfailing good humour, disinterestedness, and cool efficiency

EASTERN SURVEY

ALL HAIL: Loyalist troops giv ng a salute in honour of Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, after hearing the news of his release from the hands of the rebel General Chang Hsueh-Liang. In the background are portraits of the C.-in-C. and of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Kuomintang, China's ruling party

THE GINZA GOES GAY: Flags, streamers, and confetti in Tokyo's main shopping thoroughfare as troops paraded on the anniversary of Japan's descent on Shanghai in 1932. A p cture reminiscent of New York parades in Mayor Wa'ker's day

LEADERS OF NIPPON: *Left*—A new portrait of Admiral Osami Nagano, who has recently been commanding the Japanese Fleet on manœuvres in Pacific waters. *Above*—Mr. Toyotaro Yaki, the new Finance Minister in the Hayashi Cabinet

FAMILY MAN: Vice-Admiral Takuo Godo, Minister for Commerce and Railways in the new Japanese Cabinet led by General Hayashi, pictured with his wife and son before leaving for the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, to be received by Emperor Hirohito as a prelude to taking office. He wears a silk hat and evening dress for the occasion

A PRIMATE OF BUDDHISM TO WED: Count Kocho Otani, twenty-six-year-old Chief Abbot of Nishi Hongwanji Temple at Kyoto, and acknowledged leader of 10,000,000 Japanese Buddhists, is engaged to marry Miss Yoshiko Tokudaiji (*inset above*), granddaughter of the late Prince Kinko Tokudaiji

BOMB-SCARRED MA

THE SHATTERED CALLE DE ARGUELLES: A Madrid street which has been badly hit in several places, with one house in the centre having only its facade and one side wall still standing. A bomb which fell in the foreground made a huge crater and then, in exploding upwards and splaying slightly outwards in the direction indicated by the arrows, damaged three tiers of iron balcony on the house on the left

A MONSTER CRATER: This bomb-hole, standing near the brink, was made in Pathe Gazette for its newsreel. There constantly employed filling in the craters.

AFTERMATH: When a bomb dropped in this street a balcony was buckled and an iron window grating was forced right out of shape, largely by the force of the explosion, not through being hit by splinters

SCALPED: The bomb that hit this block exploded upwards, shattering the roof and an upper section of the façade. The lower storeys remained intact

THE FORCE OF AN EXPLOSION CONFINED as a result of a bomb dropping clean through a roadway and into the underground railway system far below. In consequence lamp standards and shop windows remained more or less intact

On right—A DIRECT HIT: A comparatively rare case of a building razed completely to the ground. Usually at least one wall is left still standing

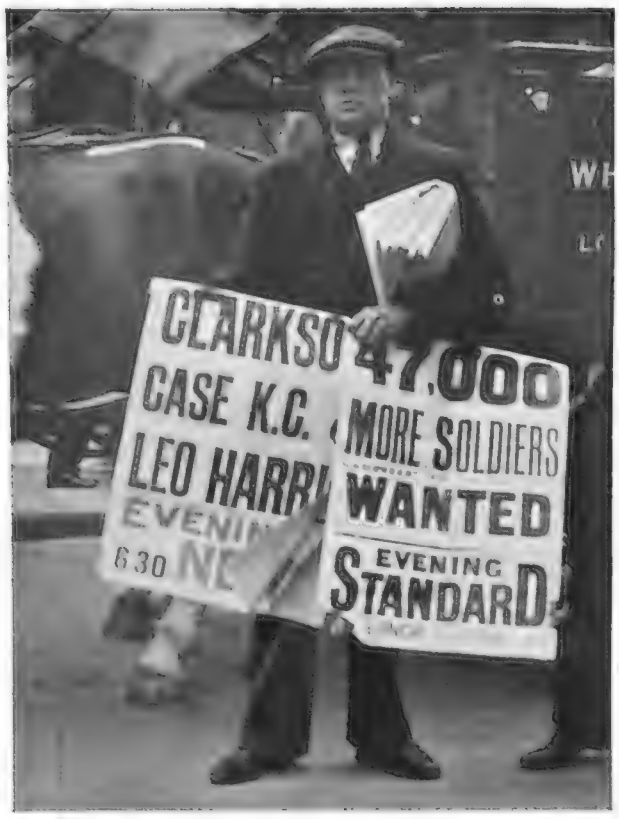
DRID : The Effect of Rebel Air Raids on the Capital City

the size of which may be estimated on comparison with the two figures a Madrid square during a raid a few days ago and was pictured by is so much damage of this nature that squads of men are kept Underground mains and cables are, of course, frequently severed

"The nonchalance of Madrid's people is staggering to behold," says Herbert L. Matthews in the *New York Times*. "One would think that all their lives they had lived amid the booming of cannons, the explosions of shells and the rending crashes of aerial bombs. . . . Walk up the Alcalá some afternoon when the Gran Via, just to your right, is being heavily shelled. You would look in vain on the faces of the people for any appreciation of the fact that death and havoc are within 100 yards. The crash of a shell might induce the men to interrupt their conversation for a passing comment. The women go on with their shopping, the children with their play."

SHOT DOWN BY AN INSURGENT BATTERY: A Government-owned bomber of French manufacture pictured after it had come to grief in rebel-held territory, its nose buried deep in the ground and its tail broken off. Four of its bombs are seen still in position beneath the fuselage. The big retractive wheels had been withdrawn into their streamlined covers

TERROR FROM THE SKIES: Loading aerial torpedoes on to a Government bomber before taking off on a day-time raid. The method of fitting them ready for automatic release is clearly indicated



"47,000 MORE SOLDIERS WANTED" ran an evening newspaper bill last week when the Army estimates and Britain's military policy were made known by Mr. Duff Cooper, the Secretary of State for War. "In spite of the untiring efforts of the recruiting staff" he said, "and the great help received from the Press, the film industry, and the fruitful co-operation of many employers and public bodies, recruiting, although it has improved in the last few weeks, is below our hopes and our needs, but certain measures which I now have in contemplation will, I trust, lead to a substantial and progressive amelioration of the position"

The Army Wants Men

And It Also Wants and Will Doubtless Soon Have More Attractive Conditions of Service

By J. BAKER WHITE

THE probable minimum cost of putting our national defences into an efficient state has now been made known to the public, and during the next six months the work of re-equipping and expanding the Forces will begin to show appreciable results.

The chief troubles of the regular army may be summed up in three sentences. Unattractive conditions of service. Fear of unemployment after service. Lack of money and shortage of modern equipment. The first of these troubles applied in the case of the territorials as well until last year when the pay and bounty cuts were restored, since when there has been a remarkable improvement. Ever since the war the army has been starved of money.

The army is unattractive to the young man of to-day because it does not offer him a wage that is as good as that which he can earn in civil life; because the standard of feeding is much below that of the other services; because the living accommodation is on the whole bad; and because he does not relish the idea of serving six, and often seven, years on end abroad. In theory the man who joins the army gets 14s. a week "all clear." In practice this sum is reduced by "stoppages"—gym. shoes, cleaning materials, extra buttons, and the like—and such items as regimental subscriptions, hair-cutting, and laundry to not more than 11s. a week. Officers, N.C.O.s, and men have told me that in India, where all soldiers outside the Brigade of Guards spend a good many years, it is impossible for married privates to live without getting into debt. The army can have no worse advertisement than a man going on leave short of money, or a soldier's wife in debt to the shopkeepers.

So far as food is concerned the soldier's ration allowance is 9¾d. a day, hardly a princely sum, allowing for one meal less than the sailor gets, and for no little comforts such as ice and ice-cream that the Navy gets in summer. In addition the sailor gets tobacco and liquor duty free, while the soldier pays full price. Army barracks on the whole are bad, and far below the standard of the other services. There are some excellent new barracks at Catterick, Deepcut, Bordon, and Aldershot, but there are still men living in rat-ridden tin huts built before the Boer war and in barracks that should have been built at Hong Kong fifty years ago, but which were put at Gosport by mistake. In many others the only heating is by antediluvian stoves for which a niggardly fuel allowance is given, together with bad lighting, inadequate cook-houses and washing facilities, prehistoric beds, and bad mattresses. The general standard of working-class living and home comfort has risen steadily in the past twenty years. That of the army has stood almost still for a quarter of a century. Combine these factors with the difficulty of the great majority of ex-soldiers in getting employment in civilian life—a limited number pass through the vocational training centres but have to pay for their training—and the general knowledge that the army is short of modern equipment, and you have the main reason why this branch is 20,000 under strength.

The Army Council is in full realisation of these facts, and all too late the Treasury has been compelled to abandon its policy of giving the land forces a penny where a pound was needed. The Army Estimates will give details of the necessary reforms. Conditions for officers are likely to be improved by a system of grading which will enable everyone to know how he stands with regard to promotion; by the selection for staff duties of officers who have not necessarily passed through the Staff College, and possibly by a foreign service allowance of 5s. per day. For non-commissioned officers and men there will almost certainly be higher pay—the optimists place the increase in the basic rate at 9d. per day—or alternatively the abolition of many of the present "stoppages," which may amount to as much as 4s. a week. An improvement in feeding and the raising of the ration allowance to enable the soldier to have an extra meal—supper—is regarded as certain. Also certain is a really big and comprehensive scheme for new barracks and the reconditioning of existing ones. The new buildings will be built on the Sandhurst pattern, with smaller barrack rooms, improved lighting, central heating, hot water in the lavatories, and covered passage-ways to the cook-houses and dining-rooms. The provision of better beds and bedding, easy chairs and more writing and recreation rooms is also likely.

Immediate changes in the length of foreign service are unlikely

(Continued on page 432)

NEW HEAD DRESS FOR LONDON IRISH: The drum-major inspecting the pipers at the Duke of York's depot Chelsea, at which the men wore the Coronation caubeen for the first time

"ANY OTHER FELLOW IN THE CAMERONIANS WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME" said T. E. McBride (right) on being congratulated after receiving the Military Medal for gallantry in Palestine where he took his life in his hands in unloading a burning ammunition lorry. He is the youngest serving soldier to be given this award

THE 1937 ESTIMATES

The Army estimates for 1937, issued last week, total £63,120,000 compared with £55,881,000 for 1936, an increase of £7,239,000. But the 1936 total includes a supplementary estimate for £6,600,000, and the new estimates are therefore £13,839,000 higher than those introduced a year ago. Further, Mr. Duff Cooper, Secretary for War, explains in a memorandum that it is proposed to meet expenditure on equipment and works services for the Regular Army to the extent of £19,054,000 by issues from the Consolidated Fund under the Defence Loans Bill and appropriations in aid of this amount are included in the estimates. But for this provision the net total of Army estimates for 1937 would have been £82,174,000, an increase of £26,293,000 over those for 1936. Two other factors tend to obscure comparison between the two years. Last year £551,800 was included in the Army estimates for the construction of new Government factories, but this year £7,946,000 is included for the purpose in the Royal Ordnance Factories estimate and this will be met by issues from the Consolidated Fund under the Defence Loans Bill. The second factor is that last year £2,800,000 was included for the special measures taken in connection with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. There is no similar provision this year. The total of £63,120,000 is the highest since 1922, when an aggregate of £62,300,000 was reached through the inclusion of £7,000,000 war terminal charges. The effective charges of £54,673,000 in the new estimates are much the highest during the past sixteen years.

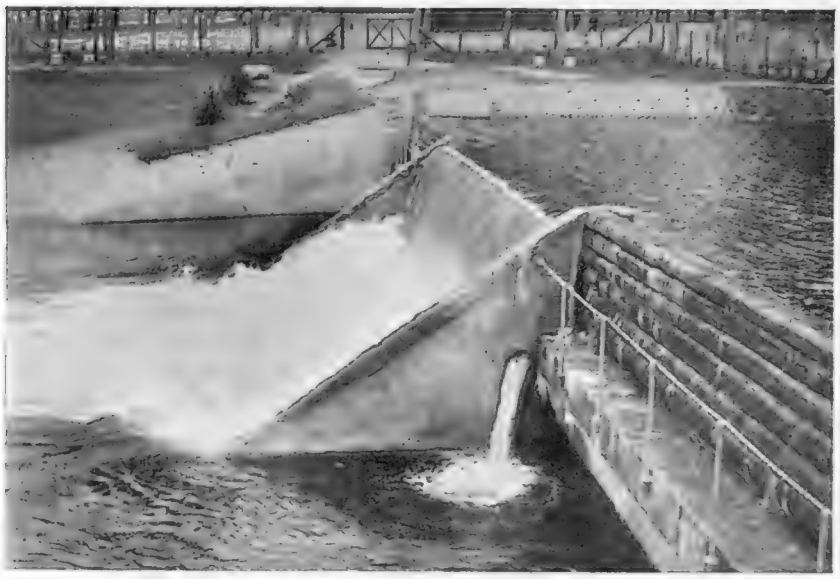
WEIGHING IN: A recruit on the scales after being accepted for enlistment. To-day, for admission to certain units, the men have to pass a rather less rigorous physical test than formerly and during the next year or so this circumstance will doubtless have a beneficial effect on recruiting figures

HARNESSING THE WATERS

NOVEL POWER HOUSE

Experimenting in Germany with Turbines Hidden Beneath the River from which They Draw Energy

DECEPTIVE: This weir, built across a small river near Belgard and Köslin, Pomerania has beneath it what is described as "the world's first underground power station." The scheme has been completed in conditions of great secrecy and the German authorities have forbidden the publication of other than the barest details



A CLOSE-UP of the weir showing the excess water pouring over the spillway. The idea in constructing the power-house beneath it instead of above ground may be partly for economy in construction and partly for protection from air attack

DOWN BELOW: The steps leading from the ground level to the power-house. Only governing and switch control gear is shown as the photographer was forbidden to take pictures of the turbines. *Below on left*—Operating one of the water control valves

The under-water power station is a decided novelty and its importance (states "The Sphere" engineering correspondent) would appear to lie in the fact that, being inexpensive to construct and operate, it is highly suitable for harnessing for electrical purposes streams and small rivers with only a limited head of water. The installation in Pomerania, which is depicted above, is doubtless only the forerunner of many others to be built in various districts of Germany as part of the elaborate four-year plan of economic self sufficiency now being put into force with such vigour. From the national defence point of view the advantage to be gained from underground power houses is, of course, obvious as it would be a matter of extreme difficulty for enemy airmen to locate them

THE GREAT HUME DAM

A Vast Conservation and Power Scheme on the Borders of New South Wales and Victoria

ON AUSTRALIA'S NILE: The Hume Dam, largest in the southern hemisphere, has been built across the Murray River on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria, and has cost just over £5,400,000. Behind it an artificial lake has been created to store water for irrigation and hydro-electric purposes

CONTROLLING THE MIGHTY MURRAY: *Above and below*—The outlet pipes of the Hume Dam through which the excess water is released from the reservoir and three of which are for use in conjunction with generating plant

The great Hume Dam—its dual function conserving water and creating electrical energy—surely ranks with Sydney Harbour Bridge as one of the greatest engineering schemes ever brought to fruition in Australia, and there is no doubt that it will play a vital part in the agricultural and industrial development of southern New South Wales and Victoria. The dam has taken some sixteen years to complete and during the greater part of this time an army of men has been accommodated on the spot in a town built specially for the purpose. The reservoir formed behind the vast concrete barrier covers over 50 square miles and submerged beneath its waters is the once thriving little township of Bowna

INDUSTRIAL TOUR: Soldiers of the Red Army being shown round a metallurgical factory as part of their training. They are expected, more than any other members of the community, to have a wide knowledge of their country's industrial and political economy

FACING EXTINCTION: Yagoda (third from right) former chief of the dreaded Ogpu (Russia's secret terrorist police) was recently reported to have been arrested on suspicion of counter-revolutionary activities and disloyalty to the Stalin regime. He is seen here with Commissar of the First Rank Garmarnik and Marshal Jegerov (right), Chief of the Soviet General Staff

The Martyrdom of Leonor Sanchez

A Mexican Girl Who May One Day be Canonised for Her Part in Lifting the Ban on Religious Observance

WHO knows but that, in a distant time, a young woman, hitherto unknown, may be canonised as a saint of the Roman Catholic Church? For it is her death that is immediately responsible for the lifting of the ban of Mexico against the churches in the state of Vera Cruz, and the proclamation of amnesty to imprisoned and exiled Catholics, and to other political prisoners and exiles.

In the town of Orizaba, in the state of Vera Cruz, Señorita Leonor Sanchez was shot and killed when police raided a private house where a mass was being celebrated secretly. As a result, on Sunday, February 14, St. Valentine's day, religious services were publicly held in churches in Vera Cruz for the first time in ten years. The lifting of the ban against the churches in the state of Chihuahua was expected momentarily, and it was believed that the relaxation of the anti-clerical laws would be extended progressively to the rest of the country, or at least to that considerable part of it in which Catholic sentiment is militant if not belligerent.

It was only a matter of hours, following the death of Señorita Sanchez, till the authorities learned, if they had not known before, that, no matter how firmly it has been suppressed, the passionate flame of religious sentiment still burns fiercely in the breasts of the faithful. As rapidly as the news could spread, Leonor Sanchez became a martyr and a symbol; and a mob of 20,000 was soon hurtling through Orizaba, seizing the churches and opening them forcibly. As fast as they were opened, the devout streamed in to pray.

So sudden and so violent was the uprising that the local authorities offered no more than a passing show of resistance and, with success, the daring of the populace mounted, with the result that officials decided the best course was to "look the other way." As the mob approached one church, soldiers fired over their heads; but, when this threat failed to disperse them, the soldiers withdrew to let the people work their will.

In the wake of these events, President Cardenas announced the general amnesty for all political prisoners and exiles. All of those in prison were liberated. All of those in exile were invited to return.

A conspicuous result that should be noted and remembered is that at the same time that the Catholics are being permitted to resume services in many of the churches, Plutarco Elias Calles, for many years Mexico's "strong man," and arch-enemy of Catholicism, is rendered free to return to his country. This was ascertained when the attention of Attorney General Garza Tellez was drawn to the fact that Calles' name was not mentioned specifically by the proclamation as one of those to whom amnesty was granted. To which Tellez replied: "There are no exceptions. The amnesty covers all." Calles was deported a year ago, and is residing in California.

The force of the uprising in Orizaba may be further inferred from the fact that, immediately following the death of Leonor Sanchez, and without waiting for the approval of the Federal Government the legislature in Orizaba abrogated the anti-clerical laws.

Free to return to Mexico, along with Calles, is General Felix Diaz, son of Porfirio Diaz, the president dictator who abdicated and fled when Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso on the Texas border, strategically the most important city in Mexico, fell to Pancho Villa.

Rene Capistran Garza, noted Catholic leader, and General José Gonzalo Escobar, leader of the 1929 revolution, were also named specifically among the list of exiles who are welcomed home. On the same day, February 12, that the amnesty was proclaimed, the death of a priest in Chihuahua at the hands of the police, reinforced the pro-Catholic movement; and on February 14, 10,000 Catholics staged a demonstration of protest in Chihuahua City.

The priest was Father Pedro Maldonaldo, a Jesuit, of Riva Palacio. He was beaten over the head with pistols by four policemen, who sought to arrest him for illegally officiating at a religious service. The police, who had been held in jail by Enrique Flores, State's attorney, have stated that Father Maldonaldo resisted arrest.

Anyone who knows even a little about the Mexican people realises that from the beginning the effort of the Government to suppress religion, and particularly Catholic religion, was doomed to futility. Whether the Government is actually abandoning its anti-clerical position, however, is more than doubtful. It is more likely that it is beating a strategic retreat in order to await a more opportune time in which to enforce its whole will.

In relieving Catholic tension, Cardenas has possibly warded off for the time being the threat of counter-revolution. The radical programme is not working too well. In fact, in the matter of the expropriation of the land, it is already beginning to break down.

When the peons were peons, they were fed. Now that they are freeholders under the government, they are hungry; and the gift of the land which they hailed recently with such extraordinary festivities they are already deserting.

It is doubtful to the writer whether, by his relaxation of the anti-clerical laws, Cardenas has gained more than a respite. The people whom he has released from prison and invited back from exile will work against him. If he does think that he can make a deal with Calles he is surely mistaken. For one thing, he betrayed and exiled Calles after Calles had made him president. It will not be easy to restore the anti-clerical laws.

It should be clear, also, that the fact that Cardenas has provided Léon Trotsky with a refuge is pertinent. Diego Rivera is a follower of Trotsky, and there is a strong Trotsky party in Mexico, which Cardenas may have sought to propitiate. There is also the fact that a government which harbours Trotsky cannot plausibly be accused of a liaison with Moscow. But Trotsky is a trouble-maker.

All in all, Cardenas seems to have opened Pandora's box. It will be interesting to watch his effort to close it.

Nelson Springer

PREACHING ANTI-CHRIST: A boy orator addressing the "Lenin Group" of the Youth Revolutionary Vanguard, a Communist organisation dedicated, among other things, to the stamping out of religion in Mexico. As the accompanying article shows, however, the faith of the majority of the people remains as steadfast as ever

The NIZAM'S *Silver Jubilee*

Celebration Banquet and Military Parade in Hyderabad

IN HYDERABAD'S JUBILEE HALL: The Nizam (centre background) with Sir D. G. Mackenzie, K.C.I.E., British Resident, seated on his left, at the State banquet held in honour of his twenty-five years of rulership

TAKING THE SALUTE: The Nizam watching the parade of his private army on the Fateh Maidan—the opening event in the Hyderabad Jubilee celebrations. Riding out in front is the Prince of Berar, the Nizam's heir

FELICITATIONS: In his capacity as Commander-in-Chief the Nizam's son and heir, the Prince of Berar, conveys the army's congratulations to his father on completing 25 years of rulership. The scene in front of the grandstand on the Fateh Maidan—an open space of some 30 acres outside the walls of Hyderabad—after the ceremonial march past of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The Nizam's private army consists of over 18,000 troops, of which two battalions are for Imperial service, and on this occasion 5,000 were on parade. Vast crowds watched the ceremonial

On right—LOYAL ADDRESS: Prince Muaz zam Jah Bahadur, the Nizam's second son, reading a congratulatory message to his father on behalf of his department, the City Improvement Board, in the throne room of the Hill Fort Palace, Hyderabad. Another of the many functions that marked the Silver Jubilee celebrations which were staged on a most lavish scale, dances, durbars, and other brilliant functions following each other in almost bewildering succession and the whole populace en fête. The Nizam, who is just over fifty years of age, not only has the triple distinction of being the premier Indian prince, the richest Indian prince, and the ruler over the biggest Indian State, but is also the acknowledged leader of Islam in his country. Though a Muslim, while most of his subjects are Hindus, he has succeeded in maintaining his authority unimpaired and communal troubles within his domain are rare

PERILS *of the* STORM

Forbes E. Robinson

TURBULENT SKY AND GLASSY SEA: Lowering clouds still linger after the storm, but the waters, only a short while before whipped to a frenzy, have taken on an intense calm. A dramatic seascape from the Faroe Islands, showing a British trawler making its way to the fishing grounds of the North Atlantic. These winter trips involve considerable hardship and call forth a type of heroism which finds its reward in the comradeship of the sea

FATE OF THE "LORD ERNLE": The 325-ton Grimsby trawler which went ashore in a dense fog below the cliffs between Speeton and Bridlington, and when located by Flamborough lifeboat had her after-deck under water, the hatches smashed in, and a heavy list. The *Lord Ernle's* distress signals were picked up by many owners of radio sets, who for three hours or more heard a series of dramatic announcements from the trawler's wireless operator

PICCANINNY: A Kalahari Bushman boy with his bow and arrow. A sturdy, well set up youngster

LIVING ON THE TSAMA

The Strange Case of the Kalahari Bushmen, a Little-known People Who Lead a Solitary Nomadic Existence, and the Story of How They Were Brought to the Johannesburg Exhibition

By JAMES VAN BUSKIRK

THE Kalahari Bushmen are unique among native peoples in that they have never banded together into large tribes for their own mutual protection. They much prefer to lead a solitary, nomadic existence, wandering hither and yon over the uncharted wastes of their desert home in groups of three or four, in most cases, and seldom more than a dozen.

They somehow seem able to exist on what the desert has to offer. The tsama melon provides for practically every need. This peculiar desert vegetable is unique in that; while growing in profusion on the sun-baked surface of the desert, it is filled with a goodly supply of very palatable water. The meat provides nourishment of a sort, while every melon carries from a quarter to a half pint of this vital necessity of the desert. The seeds, which closely resemble the seeds of a water melon, are carefully dried, and in themselves furnish the Bushmen with a cereal which is by no means to be despised. Great goatskin bags of these seeds may be seen in every camp, and the women spend most of their time collecting them.

"Living on the tsama" is a popular expression which adequately describes the mode of existence of the Kalahari Bushmen.

When Mr. Donald Bain, descendant of a long line of famous South African pioneers, entered into a contract with the officials of the British Empire Exhibition to bring to Johannesburg forty or fifty of these wild and little-known people, he himself felt that he was tackling a tremendous job. Even those hardy souls who have lived for years on the edge of the great desert had never seen this number of individual Bushmen during their lives. No census has ever included these people, and anything approaching a correct estimate of their numbers is impossible to hazard. How they exist is a question of absorbing interest, and one which has captured the attention of scientists throughout the Union.

Mr. Bain entered the desert on his strange and unusual mission on April 1, 1936, and established his camp at the junction of the perpetually dry Auob and Nossob river beds. There followed a period of patient waiting.

Gradually word got about that he desired to communicate with any wandering Bushmen who happened to be for the moment in that part of the desert. One day there appeared at his camp an old man with three women and a number of children. Mr. Bain recognised the old fellow immediately as a perfect type, and he set about at once enlisting his aid and support.

Very carefully the idea was explained to the old patriarch. He was invited to build himself a hut and bring his family to live in the newly made camp. He was told that there would be no work to do, that water and food would be carried to him; and that the only requirements necessary were that he sing and dance the live-long day; and, more important still, that he spread the good news throughout the desert in order that other Bushmen might follow and share in the joys of this Utopia of the Great Thirstland.

Old Abraham considered the matter very carefully. He undoubtedly felt that the great white *baas* was crazy, but the immediate presence of a plentiful supply of freshly-killed game and the promise of more to come proved a weighty argument in Mr. Bain's favour. And thus old Abraham became the first member of what was, in a short time, to be the most celebrated band of aboriginals ever gathered together on the African continent.

The old man knew where other Bushmen could be found, and for the next three months Mr. Bain, with the centenarian Bushman by his side, scoured the sand-dunes of the desert and eventually succeeded in assembling 75 of these nomads.

It was a stupendous accomplishment, and earned the genuine admiration of everyone who knew the desert and had any experience with the Bushmen. Never before had so great a number of Bushmen been concentrated at one spot, and their presence offered an opportunity for scientific research which would probably never again be equalled.

In recognition of this fact the University of the Witwatersrand (Transvaal) organised an expedition under the leadership of Professor Raymond A. Dart, Dean of Medicine at the University and an anthropologist of international renown. The object of the expedition was to study at first hand, and in their natural desert surroundings, the habits and customs of the Bushmen. The party arrived at the Bushman camp about the middle of June, and by the middle of the following month had succeeded in compiling a mass of information which under less favourable circumstances, would have been practically impossible of attainment.

The expedition included such outstanding authorities on their special subjects as Professor L. F. Maingard, Professor P. R. Kirby, Professor I. D. MacCrone, and Professor C. M. Doke.

Professor Maingard, an authority on the native races of South Africa, immediately on his arrival in camp began the task of learning the difficult Bushman language. In a comparatively short time he began the systematic compilation of words. Old Abraham from the very beginning had taken a definite interest in the professor's work, and one day informed the learned scientist that many, many years ago a beautiful white woman had come into the desert and asked him for words in exactly the same manner as the professor was doing now. After a good deal of questioning the professor came to the conclusion that old Abraham had been contacted in the desert by Miss Dorothea F. Bleek, who in 1912 had compiled what has come to be recognised as the only authoritative list of Southern Kalahari Bushman words in existence.

In a work of this kind a scientist would naturally go to the oldest member of the tribe or assembled group for information, and thus we cannot help but feel that even in 1912 old Abraham must have been of sufficient age to warrant the attention of such an eminent authority as Miss Bleek. Small wonder that we look upon him to-day with admiration and hesitate to question his claim of 102 years of longevity.

The lives of most men are considered to have been full if at the end of their journey they are able to pass on to their posterity some evidence of accomplishment during their years on earth. This opportunity has certainly been granted to old Abraham, the very fountain-head from which has sprung practically all of our present-day knowledge of his little-known and ancient people. His presentation to the world at the British Empire Exhibition as the chief of his tribe is but a fitting climax to his long and useful life.

That the problem of existence has become more difficult for the Bushmen with every passing year is very evident. Game is no longer plentiful, and the Bushmen have never been armed with modern traps or rifles. Civilisation has gradually encroached upon the more fertile areas bordering the Kalahari, until to-day there is nothing left for this simple, harmless and uneducated people, except the rolling wastes and endless sand-dunes comprising the heart of this great desert jungle of Southern Africa.

In times of dire necessity he wends his way pitifully into the farming areas bordering on the desert, and seeks employment for which he is no wise fitted.

The Bushman has thus gained the animosity of the Kalahari farmers because of his inherent unreliability based on European standards. He seeks employment, generally herding cattle, only when the tsama has dried up, and in that season of the year when the great Kalahari presents her bleakest aspect to those who would wrest a living midst her unsympathetic sand-dunes.

Due to a natural shortage of labour in the farming area bordering on the desert, he sometimes is able to gain the employment he desires. But as soon as the Kalahari once more opens her arms and presents once again an opportunity to exist on her tsama and small game, he invariably deserts whatever position he has obtained and once more treks back into the ever-beckoning blue.

It is a characteristic of the Bushman, which speaks well for his inherent honesty, that at these times of desertion he never takes with him any pieces of European clothing which may have been given to him by his employer. True, if he be out in the veld with a herd of cattle when the urge to travel comes upon him, he will irresponsibly leave the cattle to look after themselves and straightway head into the land of his forebears.

Two Bushmen were recently commissioned by the authorities at Upington to carry a bag of mail from the town of Upington across the dunes to the lonely and remote post of the Desert Camel Police at Witdraai. Exactly eight months elapsed from the time of their departure until their ultimate arrival at Witdraai, where they blandly placed the unopened and fully intact mailbag before an astonished police sergeant with the explanation that they had simply stopped along the way to live on the tsama.

The Union Government has recently enacted a piece of legislation designating the status of the vast non-European population of the country. The term "native" is used to designate the Bantu and kindred tribes. To quote the exact wording of the law: "Any member of any aboriginal race or tribe of Africa, other than a race, tribe, or ethnic group in the Union representing the remnants of a race or tribe in South Africa, which has ceased to exist as a race or tribe."

Only the Bushman falls under the meaning of this extract, in that he alone of all the natives of the Union may be said to represent the "remnants of a race or tribe in South Africa that has ceased to exist as a race or tribe."

MAKING MERRY IN THE COMPOUND: A group of Bushman girls whose rhythmic movements fascinated visitors to the Johannesburg Exhibition. As they dance they make a curious clapping sound with their huge thighs

There has, however, grown up in the Union a class who consider themselves as definitely above those falling under the meaning of this Act. This group are those who are the result of miscegenation between the European and the native, and for want of a better term are referred to as "coloured." This word is loosely applied to those who happen to be resident in the urban districts while that group of coloureds resident adjacent to the Kalahari are referred to as "bastards," a designation of which they are very proud.

Due to his afore-mentioned unreliable nature, it has become increasingly difficult for the Bushman to secure employment from the farmers, and they have been forced into a position bordering on serfdom at the hands of the Bastards, who capitalise upon their native ability to hunt the harmless kloosie, or South African fox. The Bushman has ever been famous for his trained dogs, and these alone are used in kloosie

(*Continued on page 412*)

NOMADS OF

"OLD ABRAHAM": This veteran Bushman, whose age is believed to be round about 102, was encountered by Mr. Donald Bain at the start of his mission to the Kalahari in April of last year and it was with the old man's help that he succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of gathering together seventy-five of the nomads and persuading them to accompany him to the Johannesburg Exhibition

ARCHERS OF THE GREAT DESERT: The Bushmen are expert bowmen and learn to use this weapon from a very early age. In bygone times they often employed poisoned arrows

(Continued from page 411)

hunting. The skins are turned over to his Bastard masters for a few pinches of tobacco per pelt. The Bastard then sells them to fur-buyers at an average of 1s. each. The Bushman is allowed to keep the meat of the animal and this, with the tsama, provides him with the needs of the immediate moment.

Bordering immediately on the recently formed gemsbok reserve, on the opposite side of the Nossob River in Bechuanaland, may be found numerous camps of Bastard hunters. All possess horses and rifles, and it is a well-known fact that these people are gradually exterminating the vast gemsbok herds of the Union reserve without in any way violating the law. They simply wait for the gemsbok to cross the boundary line into Bechuanaland, and their only care is to see that he never returns.

In an effort to create a fund towards the establishment of a Bushman reserve Mr. Bain voluntarily set aside 50 per cent. of all the profits accruing through their showing, which money was to be given in charge of a committee whose duty it would be to form a society to work unceasingly towards the setting aside of a Bushman reserve under Government approval and supervision.

Thus this little handful of Bushmen at Johannesburg Exhibition were, through the agency of a public-spirited man, fulfilling a destiny far beyond their understanding.

THE KALAHARI: THE WANDERING BUSHMEN OF BECHUANALAND WHO RECENTLY PAID A VISIT TO JOHANNESBURG

DESERT RHYTHM: The men, like the women, have special dances of their own and, in their execution, reveal a vitality that is truly extraordinary, often continuing without a stop from sunset to sunrise. A scene in the camp established in the Kalahari by Mr. Donald Bain during the time when he was gathering together the party of aboriginals which accompanied him to the Johannesburg Exhibition last year. No census of Bechuanaland has ever included these people

THE PATRIARCH: Another impression of "Old Abraham" who despite his 102 years is still very active and delights to participate in the strenuous native dances. Professor Maingard, an authority on the races of Africa, has had many talks with the centenarian and as a result has discovered much about the Bushmen's complicated language and been able to compile a dictionary. Better knowledge of the tongue, which abounds in clicks, nasals, and "ejectives," has modified former views regarding its primitive nature

CAMP IN THE KALAHARI: Youngsters practising with their bows and arrows in a section of the compound built by Mr. Donald Bain for the Bushmen when he started the work of assembling them. Here they were provided with a most plentiful supply of freshly-killed game and lived in conditions of comfort in striking contrast to their normal hand-to-mouth existence. It was the prospect of this luxury that drew them to the place when "Old Abraham" spread abroad the news

ARRIVAL AT THE COUNTRY COTTAGE: An episode from the latest film version of *The Lady of the Camellias* which, under the title of *Camille*, has been drawing capacity audiences to the Empire, Leicester Square, almost wholly by reason of the superb acting of Greta Garbo as the unhappy Marguerite Gauthier

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR? Lenore Ulric, Hope Crews, and Greta Garbo in *Camille* at the Empire, a film that once again brings Miss Garbo to the front rank of stardom after a temporary eclipse. Her sense of timing is flawless and it is noticeable that her voice has lost not a little of its gruff monotony

On Stage and Screen

Garbo Triumphs in an Historic Role : "Out of Sight," a Convict Play at the Gate Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

THE case of Greta Garbo is a strange one from whatever aspect one considers it. The public life of a glamorous film star (and if she is not glamorous she has little chance of any public life at all) is reckoned to last not more than five years. Miss Garbo has reigned as undisputed queen for ten and now looks considerably younger than she did ten years ago. A female film star rarely possesses any quality except her glamour and its resultant publicity. Although Miss Garbo can outdo in glamour all her sister stars, she is for the most part content to forgo it, putting her lips to that cup only when she "feels so disposed"; I believe her publicity dodging to be quite sincere and not a sort of inverted method of securing an extra dose of it.

She has played some parts quite badly and others quite unsuited to her—notably the ballet dancer in *Grand Hotel*; since she is hardly more fitted to be a ballet dancer than I am and became in that film what in fact she is, viz., a Swedish near-baritone tramping about on rather large feet. Yet just when there were silly rumours about the Garbo being finished and still sillier ones about her never really having begun at all, she achieves the supreme triumph of her career with one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen either on the screen or on the stage.

I have seen quite a number of actresses (excluding the prima donnas of *La Traviata*) as Dumas's heroine, from Sarah Bernhardt to Tallulah Bankhead. Purposely do I avoid saying "down to" Tallulah Bankhead, since many hard things were said of that (in my opinion) interesting performance which were by no means deserved. But Garbo is in the Bernhardt region.

First, as to Miss Garbo's personal appearance. She is now essentially frail and feminine and that decided touch of masculinity has completely gone. She is thinner and in some way etherealised. That a good deal of false sympathy has always been expended on the Lady of the Camellias, just as it always has been and always will be on a pretty woman with bad morals, worse lungs, and a tender loving heart, is beside the point. What we want to see is what an actress does with that fine and juicy part, which is not any easier to play because it is fine and juicy. Garbo makes the woman noble without irritating by a single touch of priggishness. A witty American critic, writing the other day of Miss Ann Harding, declared that certain parts always come her way "because she is so god-dam noble." A little unkind to Miss Harding, but I understand the irritation and perceive the truth.

Garbo is human above all else, and lets one feel that for all her redeeming nobility (and perhaps an all-consuming passion can bring out latent nobility in most of us) she has had a high old time with plenty of young men, both as a professional and as an amateur, long before she set eyes on Armand. If most of the Dumas play is concerned with showing that all flesh is as grass, this Camille shows us that she has been over a bit of grass in her time. There is the very soul of a great actress in her performance, and I can think of only one living actress who might better it.

Technically the Garbo is flawless; her untidy, and often meaningless, gestures have been banished: her voice has lost its gruff monotony; pupils at dramatic academies should be driven to the Empire Theatre in herds to watch her sense of timing.

To an Englishman, Mr. Henry Daniell, goes second prize as her rich admirer. Mr. Robert Taylor's Armand is far too stiff and "profile-conscious"—a way these film Adonises have, confound 'em. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's discreet portrait of Armand's father was in another and a better class.

I would say that Garbo and *Camille* generally "make film history" were it not that what film history needs is unmaking

"Out of Sight."—The above interesting piece at the little Gate Theatre might be subtitled "An Experiment with Time," but without reference to Professor Einstein or Mr. Dunne.

On left—THRILLER AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: Dr. Rendle (Campbell Gullan) and Sir Hugo Const (David Horne) discover the axe so intimately connected with the history of the mysterious Mrs. Smith. A tense moment in *Suspect*, the murder play produced by Claud Gurney

In short, it is about convicts. Being unable (as yet) to discuss the picture it gives with an expert's eye for correctness of detail, I can emphasise what I believe to be its truth (rarely depicted on any stage)—that the inmates of a prison are no more injured innocents, suffering nobly, than those in charge of them are unprincipled bullies. If there is not the tense drama of John Galsworthy's *Justice*, if there is little here to evoke the Aristotelian "pity and terror," I find a careful weighing of pros and cons., some powerful moments in a play that is necessarily episodic because of its method of construction, and brilliant character-drawing on both sides of the prison bars.

There is even humour, and I congratulate the authors, Messrs. Leslie and Sewell Stokes, on the unforced and diplomatic way they have introduced it. Deliberate funniments in a serious play about convict life might have been as annoying as (or worse than) the dreadful quips of the facetious magistrate.

The lesson of *Out of Sight* is that our convict system kills a man's self-respect. But there is no shrill propaganda in driving it home, and the play is, in the highest sense, an entertainment. It might be argued that 90 per cent. of the population of our gaols had lost the last shred of self-respect before being sentenced; but, as the lawyers say, the Messrs. Stokes "have a case" and they present it with skill.

There are particularly good performances by Mr. Harry Hutchinson, Mr. Douglas Burbidge, and Mr. Frank Foster.

Mr. Herman Finck Looks Back.—*Melodious Memories* is the title of Mr. Herman Finck's well-known musical pot-pourri. The composer has become author by the simple process of adding a monosyllabic word to that title,

Special "Sphere" picture by A. Console

GOING STRONG: The Twickenham Regatta episode in *The Two Bouquets*, that highly entertaining play with a marriage-making Victorian mamma as its central figure, which is now nearing its 250th performance at the Garrick Theatre

and in *My Melodious Memories* (Hutchinson) has written a book of reminiscences which should be at least as popular. Not all of it is harmonious, for Mr. Finck can attack as well as entertain, and as a leading champion of light music of the better sort, proud to be a member of the Sullivan-Edward German school, he can do so with authority. He singles out the modern jazz horrors, the so-called composer of which "can seldom orchestrate or even write down his music. He is not properly equipped. The procedure seems to be: Compose music first and learn it afterwards. . . . It takes four or five men to produce one of these horrors. One man takes it down, another harmonises it, and a third does the orchestration." Such co-operation would be excusable, perhaps, if the results justified it. But that happens very rarely.

I must venture on a personal note if only to defend myself against a friendly charge of being impudent enough to be "anti" a mighty giant of music. "Philip Page said to me" writes Mr. Finck, "'I don't think I like Beethoven, any more than I like burgundy or beef' . . . When he tackled beef and burgundy with evident pleasure and agreed about the quality of the music (Beethoven) I had been playing, I came to the conclusion that the anti-Beethoven movement rested on the insecurest of foundations."

If there is, or ever has been, an "anti-Beethoven movement" it has been no concern of mine. Music of certain other composers gives me more satisfaction, pleasure—call it what you will—than that of Beethoven. But to be "anti" Beethoven or to deny his greatness is comparable to denying the loftiness of Mount Everest.

As conductor at the Palace Theatre and Drury Lane for many years—he was playing in theatre orchestras as a schoolboy—the length and extent of Mr. Finck's association with stage folk of all kinds would take some beating. I like the story of the youthful C. B. Cochran climbing out of the window of a four-wheeled cab, scrambling over the roof, and re-entering by the opposite window, repeating the process time after time in spite of torrents of rain. I like the story of George Graves, who was uncertain of his words in a scene in a Drury Lane pantomime, had a dozen prompters hidden all over the stage behind pieces of scenery, and brought them all on to bow when the curtain fell. I like many many more stories in this amusing book, and so will all to whom the world of the theatre and music is part of their life. And if Mr. Finck makes many puns and twists the language mercilessly to evolve his characteristic "gags"—well, I do not see that one need be ashamed of puns. There is even something rather lovable in Mr. Finck's honest pride in his own.

"The Road to Rome."—A few years ago there was produced at the Strand Theatre a comedy which everybody praised and nobody went to see. That is to say, the Press were, as the phrase goes, "unanimous in their verdict," and such few people as did trickle in trickled in, most of them, again and again, for the excellent reason that they enjoyed themselves. The name of the piece was *The Road to Rome;* it was a commercial failure, and it ran a very short time.

Yet it was not as other failures, for its name has been on the tongues of theatre-goers ever since; your out-and-out failure falls into complete oblivion. Explanations of the lack of support for this brilliantly witty version of Roman history have abounded, most of them being to the effect that it *was* history and Roman. I have even heard that Rome in quite another sense was an obstacle and that the title was interpreted by theatre-going but uncompromising Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Episcopalians, and Peculiar People as making for conversion to Catholicism. The cast, too, was considered lacking in feminine appeal, with a hint that a selection of one of the Evelyn Layes of Ancient Rome would have done the trick.

Be that as it may, I fancy Mr. Ronald Adam has done the trick and that he will prove by his revival at the Embassy Theatre that what the West End did not, for the most part, have the gumption to grasp will do very nicely indeed for St. John's Wood, and that Hannibal will spend a longer time at Swiss Cottage than he did in crossing the Swiss Alps. Mr. Robert Sherwood's treatment of the story of why Hannibal did not continue on the road to Rome is Shavian in the best sense, with a flavour of *Monna Vanna*. It is almost perfect comedy, beautifully played. Miss Ena Burrill, the woman very much in the case, is frivolous without being skittish, sincere without priggishness; Mr. James Mason, though he needs a shade more authority for Hannibal, is a most able actor; Mr. Aubrey Dexter's deliberately stodgy Fabius is an unalloyed delight.

"The Beloved Vagabond" (Film).—Those who have read the late W. J. Locke's novel, *The Beloved Vagabond*, and who saw the play based on it will welcome the film version, now at the Tivoli.

I can hardly imagine a less wise piece of casting than that of M. Maurice Chevalier for the Vagabond himself, for M. Chevalier, with his exuberance, his matter-of-factness, his essentially *soigné* suggestion of the streets of Paris, and his utter lack of sentimentality in the poetic sense, is precisely the opposite in type. But he has charm in plenty and is a prime favourite and is likely to be a great asset to the film rather than any sort of liability.

ELIZABETH ALLEN PROVIDES THE ROMANTIC INTEREST in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, *Slave Ship*, which has as its theme the adventures of the last sailing vessel to engage in the slave trade between Africa and the United States. The scenario was written by the American novelist William Faulkner

The Puzzle of the Three Le Nain Brothers

Antoine, Louis, and Mathieu, whose Works are So Alike in Technique that Differentiation is Difficult

VARIATION ON THE SAME THEME: This picture, "The Dancing Lesson," was painted by Mathieu Le Nain about 1650 and was recently brought to light in a private collection in England, its rediscoverer being M. Lebel, a Paris art expert. An interesting comparison is afforded by the canvas reproduced below, which has exactly the same title and evidences Mathieu's maturer style

NOT so long ago I classified the ownership of all known paintings by the Le Nain brothers and found that Britain possessed considerably more examples of the work of these artists than any other country outside France. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn of three more canvases (reproduced on this page) recently rediscovered in a couple of private collections in England where they had remained for several years unknown to connoisseurs and collectors; for they have never been published in any of the works on the Le Nain brothers.

There were three brothers, Antoine, Louis, and Mathieu. They were born at Laon, in the north of France. All three were painters, and received an early instruction in the art from an unknown artist, probably a Flemish master. This, anyway, would account for the spirit of Flemish painting so evident in their art. In 1630 they came to Paris and lived in the rue Princesse. Antoine was then forty-two years of age, Louis thirty-seven, and Mathieu, quite the youngest, was twenty-three. All three worked together in the same studio, and all three simply signed (as often as not) their pictures Le Nain.

It is practically impossible to attribute any painting to either Antoine, Louis, or Mathieu, anterior to 1640. Their maturer works are easier to identify, on remarking how certain figures recur in several pictures. This, however, can by no means be regarded as definite proof, as it has been surmised that, during the period when the three brothers worked together they frequently interchanged and often worked from the same model. It seems then that only a close study of their subject matter, and a scrutiny of technical characteristics, may provide a means of individual identification.

Since 1883 considerable progress has been made in elucidating the Le Nain mystery. There still persist many varying opinions on the subject, however, and certain well-known compositions continue to be disputed as to which of the three brothers, even which two together of the three, is the author. It almost seems as if these brother artists actually intended to provide experts and historians with a baffling problem!

Antoine was a painter of *les bons bourgeois*. His pictures were small and rarely attained such dimensions as those of his brothers. Especially noticeable in Antoine's painting is a complete absence of chiaroscuro: he had a curious physiognomic concept, as seen in the equal distribution of values and light which he gave to each figure in a painting. His style was altogether archaic, his compositions naive, his brushwork timid, his colours clear and honest. He was a realist.

"The Quarrelsome Card Players" is typical of the style of Louis, the second brother. It is quite possible that Mathieu collaborated with him in the painting of this picture.

"LES PETITS CHANTEURS": This example of the art of Antoine Le Nain, forming part of the collection of Lord Aldenham, was sold a few weeks ago at the Bond Street salerooms of Messrs Sotheby for £1,100

Louis was an incomparable interpreter of rustic life. While he excelled at landscape painting, most of his canvases represented interiors and scenes of peasant life, where his subjects were painted in family reunion or at table, always in position of arrested movement. His were serious pictures full of emotion and personality. Despite that prevailing awkwardness, and "rudimentary ideas of composition" that Sir Robert Witt talks of, his constructions are large and powerful. He has a broader touch than Antoine, and his colours are lower in tone, greys and browns predominating. It is easy, of course, to account for the Flemish influence, so evident in Louis' work. Yet what a contrast with those Northern masters of analogous theme; with the noisy, drunken, gesticulating peasants of Breughel, Brouwer, and Teniers. Although Breughel is a very great painter and poet, and Brouwer a moralist and erudite psychologist, neither completely avoids that decided element of caricature in his pictures. The Le Nain peasants may have ragged clothes, but they are never uncouth.

Portraits of princes, groups of elegant gentlemen, and picturesque reunions of cavaliers seated at inn tables smoking and playing cards or tric-trac were much more the subjects of Mathieu. Mathieu was a member of the Royal Academy of Painting for twenty years or so. He did a successful portrait of Anne of Austria, which earned him a knighthood. It is quite evident that Louis' pictures of peasant life were really not in his line. He was not a landscape painter; even in this charming "Dancing Lesson" he merely contented himself with a conventional, pale, and thin background. This unsigned picture was painted about 1650 and is the first of three works of the same subject. The well-known "Dancing Lesson," from the Bérard collection, which was shown at the exhibition of French Art at Burlington House in 1933, was painted some seven years later. It is not so elementary in technique and composition as this early version.

Although Mathieu did more work than either of his brothers, it is really Louis who immortalises the name of Le Nain. He is one of those rare men of genius who, for the honour of France, appear from century to century, bringing an entirely new vision of things.

Alexander Watt

REDISCOVERED IN ENGLAND: Two of the three pictures by the Le Nains recently brought to light in a private collection by M. Lebel of Paris. *Left*—"The Family Reunion," by Mathieu, the youngest of these three brothers whose works are so difficult to identify by reason of their similarity of technique. *Right*—"The Quarrelsome Card Players" is signed and dated Le Nain 1640 and is possibly a joint effort on the part of Louis and Mathieu

THE FITTER-BRITAIN CAMPAIGN: *The National Advisory Council Holds Its First Meeting*

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO"—THEIR MOTTO: Members pictured at the first meeting in the conference room at the Board of Education of the National Advisory Council for Physical Training and Recreation—an organisation that has as its task the creation of a fitter Britain, and to this end is planning to bring into being local sub-committees, to establish a physical training college, and to launch a monster publicity campaign on a nation-wide scale. Pictured standing at the back (left to right) are—Sir Henry Pelham, Mr. G. H. Shakespeare, M.P., the Right Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., the Hon. Edward Cadogan, Captain L. F. Ellis, Mr. M. G. Holmes, and Mr. E. J. Maude. At the tables, starting from the left and reading down the tables from the foreground are—Mr. P. D. Innes, Captain Paterson, Major Gem, Lord Burghley, M.P., Lady Eleanor Keane, Mrs. R. C. Assheton, and Mr. J. C. Fuller; Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Mander, Captain Glynn Jones, Lieut.-Colonel Martin, Miss P. Spafford, Sir E. Kaye Le Fleming, Miss Prunella Stack, and Sir Noel Curtis Bennett; Mr. Neville Hobson, Mr. Valentine Bell, Alderman W. Melland, Sir P. Everett, Mrs. Grenfell, Sir W. Deedes (hand only visible), Miss Dorothy Round, and Sir William Jenkins, M.P.; Mr. McG. Eager, Alderman H. E. Fern, Mr. S. F. Rous, Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., Miss Margaret Morris, Mr. Noel Baker, M.P., and (hidden behind him) Lord Dawson of Penn

OXFORD ON THE TIDEWAY: The boat-race crew in action during one of their first outings on the lower reaches of the Thames when they put up a series of magnificent performances, breaking three records, two of which had stood since 1897. They are being coached by Mr. G. O. Nickalls, one of the greatest living rowing experts, and it is confidently at Oxford that he will weld them into a combination capable of at last breaking the long spell of ill fortune

WIZARD ON SKATES: Miss Erna Andersen, Wembley Pool's golden-haired, Norwegian instructress, holds a graceful pose for the camera. She skates 25 miles every day

PROTAGONISTS OF THE FITTER-BRITAIN CAMPAIGN: Miss Prunella Stack and Miss Margaret Morris, outside the Board of Education offices after attending the meeting of the National Advisory Council on Physical Training

"KEEP-FIT" GIRL: Fencing, which can be enjoyed without undue cost, is becoming increasingly popular as a recreation. This picture was taken at Hastings bathing pool

SEATS TO VIEW

Rocketing Prices for Accommodation on the Royal Processional Route

HEAD-ON VIEW: Those occupying seats at St. George's Hospital, a few of which are still available at the time of writing, will gain a magnificent sight of the Coronation procession as it proceeds through the Park and emerges through the colonnade

By

CHARLES GRAVES

TO see or not to see the Coronation? That appears to be one of the commonest dinner table conversations at the moment. Numbers of people who are aware that the floodlighting of London and the traffic regulations and the vast crowds will make life unusual, if not uncomfortable for the resident, say that they propose to leave London during the Coronation period and go to the country. Many such people have had their minds made up for them on this score by the fact that they have let their houses for considerable sums of money to visitors. At the moment, however, there seems to be a strong swing back to the other course—of seeing the Coronation and thereby enabling their children to have this unforgettable experience.

But what is the position with regard to seats? Every day the Personal columns of the newspapers are stuffed with advertisements offering seats from which to view the procession. In many cases the advertisers invite inquiries and do not state what their terms are. Several, however, come out into the open with their prices.

Thus we read: "The Coronation Seating Bureau have over 300 rooms for your choice! Carefully selected positions at reasonable prices! For parties of 4, 8, 10, 12, 16, 25, 50, and more! On 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th floors! Cockspur Street, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, Regent Street, Oxford Street, etc. Inspection invited! One of our representatives will escort you! This will save time and trouble!—92, Regent Street, W.1 (almost opposite Piccadilly Hotel). Tele: Regent 2968 and 226.2"

"Coronation. 200 seats in Oxford Street and Regent Street; 12 to 20 guineas with breakfast and luncheon. Appeal Secretary, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1."

"Coronation. Low 1st floor Oxford Street; 12 seats in stand, lovely view, 208 guineas; room for 15 people, 161 guineas; low 2nd floor, 5 good 1st row seats, 15 guineas each; good ground floor seats, 12 guineas each, with sideways view, 7 guineas; good standing places in rooms from 4 guineas. Roof terrace places, 5 guineas, panoramic view. 1st floor Regent Street room for 14, splendid position facing procession, 160 guineas; 6 seats on corner balcony with magnificent view, 296 guineas; 2nd floor room for 11, 130 guineas; seats at 8, 10, 12, and 14 guineas. Many other seats at varying prices. Camps and Tours Union, 126, Baker Street, W.1. Welbeck 7088."

"Coronation. 1st class seats—Rooms and balcony parties, 7 guineas, 17 guineas, guaranteed views for both adults and children. Regent and Oxford Streets. Special provision made for seat-holders' comfort and leisure. Sole Agents, Mitchell and Cameron, Dorland House, 14–16, Regent Street."

Anxious, however, to test the market myself, I have inquired from three leading ticket agencies in London what seats they have. This I think will be of actual service to you as well as making interesting reading. The cheapest seats which are still available and of which I could get actual details are price 50s., and are on the roof of Simpson's in the Strand. There are still 70 or 80 of these left. The 5 guinea seats seem to have been snapped up in their entirety, and the next grade are priced between 6½ guineas and 8½ guineas, and are on the roof of the Dorchester Hotel. This includes a buffet breakfast and a hamper lunch with champagne.

Mr. Herbert Smith, of the famous slogan, "You want the best seats; we have them," had only 65 of these last week. Goodness knows how many are left now. There are still, however, 100 left priced between 16 guineas and 22 guineas, which include breakfast and a champagne lunch at the same hotel, and are on the stand that is being erected on the restaurant roof. It is to be hoped in the case of these clients and those at Grosvenor House, and again those others in Park Lane, that spring will be late this year, otherwise the foliage of the trees may impede the view.

According to Mr. Smith, there are very few 10-guinea seats left. He has a few in Dickins and Jones' and others at Condor's, the hat people. There are a handful of 12-guinea seats still available at Nicoll's, Jays', Peter Robinson's, and Revillon Frères; 15-guinea seats are still available in small numbers at Liberty's as well as at Jay's, Nicoll's, Dickins and Jones', Thomas Parsons', and Condor's. In the 20-guinea class there is the Abbey stand outside St. Margaret's, and again at Liberty's, Dickins and Jones', Jays', and Nicoll's. At Mappin and Webb's there are windows going for 200 guineas down to 150 guineas, each of which will give 10 people a good view. We now come to the 30-guinea seats. Again, these are to be found at St. Margaret's, where the top price is 50 guineas. This is the pick of the bunch, but even last week there were only a dozen left. I fancy there are also some 50-guinea seats at Westminster Hospital.

ANOTHER VANTAGE POINT: The Dorchester in Park Lane will also provide spectators with a first-class view in conditions of considerable comfort—away from the turmoil of the thronged streets

While we were talking, a message reached my informant that terms had been agreed with Grosvenor House whereby 340 seats would be available between 12 and 20 guineas on the restaurant roof. "The highest price yet paid for seats" Mr. Smith told me, "is a balcony in Oxford Circus for which 600 guineas was paid. The highest price I have been asked for a site is no less than £15,000. It would, however, hold 1,500 people. This site is still in the market and may come down. A few minutes ago I was offered a number of seats at the big stand that is to be erected outside St. James's Church in Piccadilly. This will hold 1,500 people, and the prices will range from 8 to 32 guineas. What the middle man paid for the site I do not know, but I myself was refused over £5,000 for it. Clients here will have the benefit of access to Prince's restaurant next door."

As you can imagine, Mr. Smith has been on the job since August 12 last year, the day when the actual route was announced. To refresh your memory, the Royal Procession, starting of course from Buckingham Palace, will go down the Mall, Whitehall, and Parliament Street into Parliament Square. The exit will be by Bridge Street, the Embankment, Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, Oxford Street, Marble Arch, Hyde Park, and Constitution Hill—in all, 6¾ miles. A great deal of the route—that is to say, through the parks—is already flanked by stands erected by the Office of Works. These will seat 85,000 people and will cost 15s. 0d. (if uncovered) and £1 2s. 6d. otherwise, to the fortunate people to whom they are allocated. These prices amount to less than half the actual cost of the erection. But the general public will have no chance of securing seats here. They are being reserved for the Services, the Dominions, the Crown Colonies, *and even for the Co-operative Society*.

For months past Mr. Smith's managers have been inspecting hundreds of sites offered to his firm. They have, however, chosen only one out of every fifteen, the reasons for their refusal being either that the site is not attractive or the price too high. The overhead itself to these ticket agencies is very considerable.

The insurance against the Coronation not taking place, together with the third party risks, are very considerable. In the case of the former it is still 15 to 20 guineas per centum, while the third party risks amount to about 1s. a seat. In addition to this, cushions have to be provided at 2s. 6d. a time, and chairs hired at a similar price. The actual cost of the erection of seats, whether on stands or elsewhere, amounts to anything from 45s. to 60s. a seat. This does not even include the cost of refreshments, advertising, architects' fees, and other incidentals. It may be added that in most places the price of a seat includes refreshments "on a generous scale." These figures are an interesting contrast to those prevailing at the time of the last Coronation. The top price in 1911 was 20 guineas, though the majority of the good seats were between 10 and 15 guineas.

All kinds of schemes are being put forward by enterprising syndicates, though whether they secure permission from the police or the L.C.C. is another matter. Thus, floating barges on the Thames up

(*Continued on page* 432)

LONDON *People*

TENNIS WEDDING: Mr. E. D. Andrews, the New Zealand Davis Cup player and a frequent competitor at Wimbledon, with his bride, Miss Yoma Hamilton Watson, after their marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Austin

PROMOTION: Miss E. M. Tostevin who has just been appointed Private Secretary to the Director General of the Post Office, Sir Thomas Gardiner. This is the first time that a woman has held this post

WATCH AND WARD: Captain Malcolm H. S. MacDonald, D.S.O., R.N., has been made Administrator of the British observers sent to Portugal to patrol the Spanish frontier and see to it that no war materials are sent across

HER FLAIR: Mrs. Oscar Deutsch has been responsible for the interior decoration of every building in her husband's circuit of over 200 cinemas and she is now preparing designs for the new Odeon to be erected on the site of the Alhambra, Leicester Sq.

HOME AND BEAUTY! Mrs. Dennis Wheatley gave a dance for her debutante daughter last week, with no chaperons present, so, in order to relieve possible parental anxiety, she hired a bus to take some of the debutantes home afterwards, each being delivered safely at her door

GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD: Mr. John Worby, ex-tramp and author of the best-seller, *The Other Half*—a revealing account of life in the underworld—was married last week to Miss Doris Coleman

WET-WEATHER WEAR FOR WORKERS: These overalls, giving the men the appearance of cowled monks, have been supplied to those engaged in the erection of the Coronation stands in Whitehall. The overalls, nicknamed "donkeys," are woven from a special waterproof woollen material

SELF PORTRAITURE: Noel Coward, J. B. Priestley, and Frank Swinnerton Write Books About Themselves

THEY PAUSE IN THEIR STRIDE to tell the world about themselves. Noel Coward (*left*), J. B. Priestley (*centre*), and Frank Swinnerton (*right*) whose autobiographies are reviewed on this page

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

BIOGRAPHY is very much in the fashion, yet the faster and thicker come the lives and letters of great men the more do we savour the occasional autobiography. Especially if, as in the case of Mr. Noel Coward, he can find time to pause in a still youthful stride, and steal the show from his biographers.

The penalty of such a career as Mr. Noel Coward's is continuous limelight, and if any details of his public or private life escape the hungry fans the petty biographers of the popular Press are there to provide them. I finished this book about himself, **PRESENT INDICATIVE** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), with the feeling that he had deliberately put himself to the unaccustomed task of prose, and upon a subject proved dangerous to the highest reputations, in order to confound the gossip writers once and for all.

He needed courage, for the making of a book, not written in dialogue nor in lyrics, was not as yet among his many talents. Nor need we pretend that he writes prose with the superlative ease of the dialogue of his plays; nor for that matter is his writing of that unaffected simplicity which we all pretend to admire. Rather is it admirable because it is good Coward.

His story has the finish that a good actor, having studied a good part, can give it; it also sparkles with the pointed wit we enjoy in a Coward play. If there is a comedy situation (and there are plenty) there is just the right build-up to an unerring climax. The characters of contemporaries are etched in a flashing line or two, and when the author has to perorate upon a serious note he lacks nothing in dignity. With the true dramatist's touch he writes "curtain" after the established success of *Cavalcade*.

The opening sentence is characteristic: "I was photographed naked on a cushion very early in life, an insane, toothless smile slitting my face and pleats of fat overlapping me like an ill-fitting overcoat. Later, at the age of two, I was photographed again. This time in a lace dress, leaning against a garden roller and laughing hysterically."

Equally characteristically do we find this on the last page: "Of all emotional moments in that very emotional evening that, somehow, was the most moving." (He is referring to the visit of the King and Queen to *Cavalcade*). "The Queen drew back a little, leaving His Majesty in front of the box to take the ovation alone. He stood there bowing, looking a little tired, and epitomising that quality which English people have always deeply valued—unassailable dignity.

"It had been a tremendous night for me; a gratifying flourish to my twenty-one years of theatre."

It was a tremendous night, as one member of the audience well remembers, for everybody present, and this is a most moving account of it. Yet let us examine that "gratifying flourish." Did it herald the triumph of the author and producer of a great stage spectacle? Maybe; but to him the flourish was the gratifying reward of twenty-one years of hard work in the theatre.

Thus we find, as we read through this story, that with all its lighthearted sparkle, it is a record of hard and unremitting apprenticeship, of lessons painfully learned, of success hardly won. If the legend of the inspired amateur with a cynical wit needed dissipating it is killed stone dead in these pages. For no man can write about himself without giving himself away. Wit there certainly is, and to spare, but you will search these pages in vain for an unkind or wounding *not* about anyone, nor ever does he fail the generous word for those with whom a full life has been associated. In fact Mr. Noel Coward reveals himself to be a hard-working, generous, and thoroughly nice fellow, and those, if I may paraphrase him, are qualities which English people have always deeply valued.

I would like to say the same, in fact I *will* say it, about Mr. J. B. Priestley. Upon the variety, versatility, and excellence of his gifts I have expatiated before, but the blunt fact that he can write most stylists off any stage, plinth, or platform bears repetition. Those are the words, let me emphasise, of that superb stylist and critic, Mr. Ivor Brown, and they were written about the book under review, **MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

If the man can be separated from his gifts (and does he not invite the personal view in calling this "a chapter of autobiography") or perhaps be interpreted through them, we find in Mr. Priestley a man with a deep understanding of his fellow creatures, generous to their faults, sympathetic with their sufferings, full of a wit which springs from wisdom and disdains wise-cracking, chuckling with good-natured humour, belabouring the bogus with gusto, able to laugh at himself, unobtrusively erudite, never shirking an opinion grounded in a philosophy obstinately and individually his own; in fact a most likeable man.

I have a deplorable habit (it comes of too much reviewing) of pencil marking books, of making marginal notes, and of dog-earing pages. With reason, I fear, my family has protested at my treatment of *Midnight on the Desert*. It is hopeless. Priestley, in this mood, simply shouts for quotation. Does he not say about New York that in that city "Time must not merely be killed, but savagely murdered in public?" Or in a soliloquy upon the Arizona desert "This country is geology by day and astronomy by night." And of his father who, "never failed a duty, left the world better than he found it, was loved by his friends and respected by his army of acquaintances, and had a lot of fun."

I could go on like this for pages, and perhaps convey the impression that it is a book to be dipped into, like any Trivia, which it isn't. Try dipping into it and you get caught, and if the time is late you are in for an all-night sitting.

The very plan of the book is deceptive. Mr. Priestley imagines himself back in a hut in which he used to work, on a ranch in Arizona where he and his family had spent a holiday the winter before. He was clearing up some old papers, and with them was about to burn "certain chapters, many thousands of words, of the book I had been writing." There is plenty of time. "I cut down the glare of the stove, settled in the larger chair, and lit a pipe."

The pipe, the stove, the hut reappear whenever Mr. Priestley cares to pause for a mental stretch, but when at last the pages are well and truly burned we realise that the sights, sounds, and colours of the Arizona desert were probably being conjured on a wet Wednesday in Highgate. So he is able to roam at will, musing upon his American "holiday" (during which he wrote a full-length novel, mostly set in London) and upon anything and everything, from the theatre to cowboys, from the Grand Canyon to Ouspensky, from D. H. Lawrence to Charlie Chaplin.

As distinct from Mr. Priestley, Mr. Frank Swinnerton's is a real autobiography: that is to say that, like Mr. Noel Coward, he surveys the whole of his life, even though he spares us the sight of a naked baby upon a cushion. **SWINNERTON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is a life which can, in the truest sense, be called that of a man of letters. Most of Mr. Swinnerton's adult existence has been spent among authors and publishers; and, although he does not emphasise it, he has travelled extensively through the labyrinths of literary journalism.

Hazlitt, we remember, wrote his own epitaph into the book of immortal last words by protesting that he had had a happy life. In this book Mr. Swinnerton fortunately has no epitaphal aspirations. Rather he gives the impression of a man in his prime pausing to reflect. "My earliest ambition, as a Cockney child, was to live in a cottage in the country, with a wife, books, and a garden. The ambition has been realised."

But in the realisation of this ambition—not unknown to Englishmen throughout the ages, including sea captains—the author has met most of the outstanding literary personalities of his day; and we have only to read these pages to see that inevitably most of them became his friends. So the book falls into two parts: one in which he is frankly autobiographical, surveying his life from the cradle to that garden, and the other in which he indulges in affable reminiscences of the more famous of his friends.

He was not born to the literary purple, for his father was a copper engraver in none too flourishing circumstances, for it was a trade which was dying out. In consequence the family were very poor; and the author learned to endure hardship, and even hunger, in the hardest of all schools. He may have been fortunate in this, since the so-called education of the average school which the sons of the well-to-do have to attend is apt to nip literary talent severely in the bud; and who is to say that many a good poet or essayist has not been lost upon the playing-fields of Lord's? Nevertheless Mr. Swinnerton acquired in his early learning a healthy appetite for the game of cricket, which, as we find in these pages, is as keen to-day as ever it was.

His early struggles are described with that objective benignity which, being in character, pervades the whole book, and enables him to write that he had had "an extraordinarily interesting, happy, lucky life," and also to say that "I was born lazy and contemplative," and that "although full of vanity, I have always been more interested in other men and women than in myself."

Anyone more modest, less full of vanity, and more obviously assiduous and hard-working in his own craft it would be difficult to find; and these protestations, although they might be suspect from the pen of a lesser man, are in keeping with what the author persists in calling "the central character" of this book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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FASHION FLASHES
from LONDON and PARIS

THIS is a spring of all important details. Basically the line is simple by day, without any drastic changes. When you buy your new clothes you will stand or fall by little things.

BY your choice of tailored accessories. Molyneux pins bunches of fruit on the lapels of his sports suits. Schiaparelli lets large cellophane butterflies alight on her plain coats. Piguet sews a black broadcloth suit with small white beads instead of darning the seams with large stitches. Rochas likes plaid ties forming a definite triangle on the chest and buttons in different colours.

+

BY the flowers you wear, and where you wear them. Pin demure little daisies, their petals tipped with colour, to your lapel. Wear gardenias, complete with their leaves, at the throat of your navy blue frock. Have a formal bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, their bright leaves almost forming a circle, at your breast when you wear a dinner dress. Wear a semi-circular wreath in your hair, of roses and mixed flowers, with a shaded hyacinth touching one shoulder. Pin a long spray to your bag.

+

BY your neckline. It can be finished as demurely as you please, with just a neat turned-down collar. It may be intricately draped, with the folds crossed at the throat and carried across the shoulders. It may be slit right down to the waist. It may have triangular corners which fall over three-strand rows of pearls. It may even have much longer rows which are threaded beneath a band that runs straight across the base of the throat. Or it may be finished with strongly contrasted ribbons threaded through five large beads which lie along the edge of the neckline.

+

BY your taste in leisure-hour clothes. Pyjamas are staging a come-back. Mostly they are beautifully tailored with knee-length coats flared from the waist. Negligées have tailored top-coats which are cut away to show an under-skirt in pleated chiffon. Cherry and rose pink, raisin and scarlet, sapphire and powder blue. Molyneux likes loose wraps, very full, and unfastened, in heavy azure slipper satin or in stiff taffeta.

+

BY the individuality of your bags and handkerchiefs and shoes. For this is to be a personality season. With simple frocks as a background you can be as gay, as demure, as effective as you please. This is a spring when you will be triumphantly instead of just a model for your favourite dress designer.

BY the length of your skirt and sleeves, and by the moulding of your waist. Skirts are on the up-grade—but don't let your enthusiasm run away with you. They are straight with hidden side pleats: they have groups of pleats at the front and back: or they have a slight flare in one or the other of these places. Sleeves that just reach the elbow are starred in London and Paris. There is slight but unobtrusive fullness at the shoulders and a bandaged effect above the elbow. Waists are either liberally sashed, or defined by the cut of the material, or by subtle draperies above them and by pockets immediately below them.

+

BY the colour of your top-coat. It may be navy, or possibly grey, but it is newer to have it in raspberry pink, burnt orange, yellow, sand, or tomato. If you prefer black, stress the line with white or vivid pipings, or have a brilliant printed lining.

+

BY the fact that your gloves are definitely linked up with your dress or coat. Robert Piguet does a brown and pale beige checked coat, worn with a beige dress that has a checked hem. Gloves, checked with brown leather palms. Schiaparelli has jewels on hers. Jaeger make theirs in cloth and dye them to exactly the same shades as their coats. Some are tied with narrow cords.

+

BY the hemline of your day and afternoon frocks. Many dresses have inch-wide bands of vivid prints with a plain colour at the lower edge—an idea that is repeated down the front of the bodice. Others have deep transparent hems sewn with rows of tiny rouleaux. Yet others rise at the front where they are draped in the Egyptian manner.

+

BY the variety of your blouses. Wear little formal prints, rich in colour and highly stylised. Dash into Paisley if you can wear it. Go feminine in exquisitely tucked chiffon or net. And go gay in rainbow stripes, as many colours as you like, piled one on the other. Shirring, draping, and inset bands are important.

+

BY your skill as an embroideress. Patou works tiny coloured posies all over his afternoon frocks, or on a shirt-waist dress he uses buttons made to look like cottages, and behind them, on the material itself, he embroiders rows of poplars. Tailored jackets are lavishly braided in scroll designs. Evening coats carry out the same idea in bright green and red or gold or blue and purple sequins. Suits have heavy embroidery on their pockets, two at the edge of the straight shoulder yoke, and two at the waist. Alternatively they have baroque motifs in patent leather, with the scroll-like design picked out in white.

ON THEIR TOES: A sheep, eleven months old, greets customers at a garage on the London Folkestone road at West Malling, Kent, owned by Mr. V. Payne, it is quite tame, and competes with a terrier for tit-bits

REDUCING ROAD FATALITIES

Recommendations which Both Cyclists and Motorists would Willingly Adopt

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE other week an event of the utmost importance to all road users took place. The Order of the Road, the Cyclists Touring Club, and the National Cyclists Union got together and issued joint recommendations which, in their opinion, would when adopted reduce the number of road fatalities and make for the pleasanter use of the roads by everyone. That the cycling organisations should agree in any way with a motoring body appears to most people to be little short of a miracle, but being myself on the committee of the Order of the Road I am in a position to say that both these cycling bodies, as might be expected, had the same general desire that we motorists have, to reduce the number of road casualties. Realising that common groundwork it was possible to arrive at certain recommendations which all three bodies could adopt. True these recommendations may not go so far as would please all motorists, but they go a good way, and if the responsible authorities were to adopt them a very big step towards road safety would be taken. These recommendations are so important that I think I must give them in full:

1. (a) That beacons or signs should only be used at uncontrolled pedestrian crossings.

(b) That beacons or signs should not be installed at "light" controlled crossings.

(c) That pedestrians be urged to signal their intention of crossing the roadway to drivers of vehicles approaching uncontrolled "beacon" crossings.

(d) That there should be a period in the "light" cycle which would give pedestrians the opportunity to cross in complete safety free from "turning" traffic.

(e) That pedestrians should not cross against signals in such a way as to impede the progress of, or endanger vehicular traffic.

2. That footpaths should be provided on class A and class B highways wherever danger to pedestrians can be proved owing to the physical configuration of the road.

3. That more rigorous police action is recommended:

(a) Against dangerous driving of motor vehicles irrespective of speed limits.

(b) Against dangerous riding by cyclists.

4. That action by pedestrians causing danger to those upon the highways be recognised as an act of an unsocial character, and that legislation be introduced to enact penalties therefor; and that, provided the recommendations under Paragraph 1 are adopted, disregard of the red light at controlled crossings should be an offence for pedestrians if the vehicular traffic would be impeded or endangered thereby.

5. *Design of Roads*—That new "through" motor ways be exclusively for motor cars and not be regarded as King's highways in the accepted sense of the term. That such roads should be built in preference to the widening and re-organising of old highways, so that the latter may revert to comparative peace for local traffic and the unhurried sightseer, whose desire, like ours, is the preservation of an unspoilt rural England, retaining as much as possible the traditional character of the countryside.

I was fortunate enough the other day to be in a position to try out on the road one of the latest Humber Snipes. The body fitted was a drophead coupé and I must say that this type of body has much to recommend it. As the two days on which I drove the car were the coldest of the whole winter I must confess I did not try conclusions with the weather by opening up the roof.

The Humber Snipe has long been looked upon as a really good car combining the attributes of comfort, speed, and silence. This latest model was, however, a complete surprise to me because it was so very much better than previous Snipes, good as they have always been. I have read letters in the technical Press and expressions of opinion elsewhere that what the general public require is a British car with an American performance. What exactly is meant by the words "American performance" is not usually stated, but if these motoring folk intend the words they use to mean a car on which the gear-lever has seldom to be used, the engine of which ticks over and revs up with a high degree of silence, and which will do 80 miles an hour, then I think that the Humber Snipe is a British car which will give them all that they require. It is definitely a lazy man's car so far as driving is concerned and yet it has a kick in its acceleration which is usually associated with sports models.

GERMANY'S ECONOMY DRIVE: A gas-driven lorry exhibited at the Berlin Motor Show 1937 which produces its own gas from charcoal. This form of fuel is becoming popular in Germany owing to the prescriptions of the Four Year Plan of self-sufficiency

The steering is of the low-geared type, and I must say I would have preferred the more direct design. The suspension gives the utmost comfort and yet the car holds the road in a most satisfying manner. Considering the price this Snipe is really a credit to the British motor industry and is a very satisfactory vehicle.

During the past few weeks two new cars have arrived on the British market. The first is the 18/80 Wolseley which is undoubtedly one of the most interesting productions of recent months. The manufacturers, Messrs. Wolseley Motors Limited, claim that it has the acceleration and speed of a sports car, is an efficient town carriage, and at the same time a roomy, comfortable, full-size touring vehicle. I have not tried the car myself but judging from past experience with Wolseley cars I feel that this description of the new 18/80 model is perfectly true. From its detailed description it seems to me another example of the British car with the so-called American performance, and I shall look forward to testing a specimen in the very near future. As might be expected it has several interesting features, one of the most outstanding being the thermostatic carburettors which allow the driver to start off from cold without fear of stalling or damaging the engine. Again the suspension of the car is automatically adjusted by means of a pump to the speed of the car. This feature, as it were, irons out the road. For a long time I have been driving a car fitted with a riding control and I know from experience that automatic controlled shock absorbers are definitely to be desired. It is little short of miraculous that so large a car, having such a performance and manufactured by one of the best firms in England, should sell as a saloon at £290.

The second new car is a 30-h.p. V8 Ford. The new model has a modified 30-h.p. V8 engine and incorporates several additions and alterations. For instance, I notice that the specification includes new cable and conduit control, "soft" action brakes, new body-lines, all-steel body, including all-steel top, steel panels, and all-steel floor; improved finger-tip steering, with increased wheel leverage; increased riding comfort and general silence. Although I have not seen one of these new models, I notice from the illustration that it has a slanting "V" type windscreen, and has an altered appearance, more like the recently introduced smaller V8 Ford car than the older larger model. The starter button has been placed on the dash, whilst the hand-brake is under the dash-panel out of the way of passengers on the front seat. On the more technical side the new engine has cast-alloy steel pistons. These result in a lower oil consumption over prolonged periods. The cooling system of the engine has been improved by the fitting of improved pumps and a new design of fan.

FOUNDER OF A FAMOUS FIRM: Mr. Thomas George John, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.N.A., M.Inst.A.E., Chairman and Managing Director of Alvis Limited and Vice-President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Educated at the Royal College of Science, London, and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, he founded the Alvis Company in 1919. Below is seen the new Alvis "Seventeen" model

It is perhaps nothing new for a car to cross the Sahara Desert but up to now no really heavy car has attempted the journey. News, however, has arrived at the time of writing that a party of three British motorists has accomplished this hazardous journey of 3,600 miles in five days and two hours. The car used was a seven-seater Rolls-Royce limousine. The journey took them from Algiers through the Atlas mountains which, having been successfully negotiated, made them face 2,000 miles of rough tracks across the desert where no road has ever been made. Anyone who has by accident or through necessity been compelled to traverse loose sand in a car will realise that the chances of getting through depend principally on the weight of the vehicle. A seven-seater Rolls-Royce limousine is certainly heavy, as far as cars go, and therefore the successful termination of this trip is a matter for congratulation to the drivers and makers of the vehicle.

Any petrol which wants to remain a best-seller has to adapt itself to suit changing conditions. Some years the changes may be very slight, because only slight changes are needed. Other years call for bigger changes. 1937 is such a year, and it is likely to be a vintage year for Shell because Shell has had the foresight and the resources to make such changes in its petrol as are needed to keep it in step with motor car design. This is actually done as part of the routine of the business, but the 1937 change happens to be more spectacular than usual, and I therefore propose to give readers some idea of what it is. Most people know that the chief change in engine design is a trend towards higher compression ratios, because it is in this way that engineers are able to give us more for a given size of engine. This is all to the good, but it does mean that the petrol has to work under much more severe conditions—and frankly, ordinary petrol cannot stand the strain. Shell has tackled the problem, as it were, in the laboratory and has found a way of controlling the combination of the atoms in the spirit and when it has altered them the spirit is far less susceptible to detonation, thus combustion is controlled and pinking is corrected.

HARMONY . .

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"MUST WE LOSE THE PORTICO THAT CREATES ROMANCE IN OXFORD STREET?" asks W. Willson Disher in the accompanying article. This old engraving of the Pantheon was made from a drawing by T. H. Shepherd

Storming *of the* Pantheon

A Romance of Oxford Street

By W. WILLSON DISHER

WHAT is happening to the Pantheon? Must we lose the little portico that creates romance in Oxford Street? Ever since it was known that Sir Walter Gilbey had decided to leave his historic headquarters this spring, lovers of old London have feared that yet another tangible link with great figures of the past will be sacrificed to "progress."

For many years after its opening in the April of 1772, it attracted the world of fashion and intellect. Dr. Johnson made utterance there. Horace Walpole and Gibbon attended. In *She Stoops to Conquer*, Goldsmith makes Mrs. Hardcastle ask, "who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon?"

Ten years later the handsome interior, which had been the admiration of the town, was totally destroyed by fire. But the façade and the portico—which were criticised as unworthy of "Oxford Road"—survived. Ugly or otherwise, here is a relic of glamorous years. At midnight you seem to see familiar ghosts pass by those squat columns.

In my midnight ramblings I think less of Johnson and Goldsmith than of the wraith of a lonely, fragile player who has been forgotten though her husband's name is well remembered yet. I am thinking of Sophia Baddeley, wife of the actor whose will gave instructions for the Baddeley Cake to be cut every Twelfth Night.

MRS. SOPHIA BADDELEY AS JOAN OF ARC IN "HENRY VI": An actress whose name is inextricably linked with the Pantheon

OF CAKE FAME: Mr. Baddeley (husband of Mrs. Baddeley) whose name is well remembered by reason of the will in which he left instructions for a Baddeley cake to be cut at Drury Lane every "Twelfth Night"

Their married life was short. In her parents' home she had shown such signs of empty-headed infatuations for fine gentlemen that her father had tried to whack the nonsense out of her. At eighteen (in 1763, that is) she ran away took refuge with Baddeley, who made an honest woman and an actress of her.

Although the beauty of her face and her voice ensured her success on the stage, she still felt empty-headed infatuations. After three years of respectability she compromised herself on a pleasure trip up river and decided she could not return to her home.

"Notwithstanding their separation, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley continued to perform at the same theatre, but exchanged not a word with each other, save in their respective characters on the stage," her biographer wrote some years later.

The rest of her story is a monotonous record of feckless love affairs, dooming her to a wretched end. All that need be told is the adventure of one night, when she caused such a stir as her sedan chair was set down under the portico of the Pantheon, that nobody who has once read the account of it can ever pass the place without thinking of her and the gallants who to champion her cause, drew their swords to clear the way in.

I give it word for word as it appears in *The Memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, late of Drury Lane Theatre, 1787*, for no one, I think, could improve on its "powdered" manner:

"When the Pantheon was first opened with concerts, etc. the proprietors wished to exclude every person, but those of rank and fortune; and by no means to admit any women of slight character, or any of the players. Mrs. Baddeley being then on the stage, and of some consequence among them, she was with some others pointed out as an improper person to be admitted. This getting to the ears of Mr. William Hanger, Mr. R. Conway, and some more of her friends, they met at Almack's on the occasion, and twenty of the nobility agreed to attend at the Pantheon, at the door she designed to enter at, determining that nothing should prevent her admittance.

"They accordingly requested us to go the first evening it was opened, in chairs; for as an extra number of constables were ordered to attend, and as chairs were admitted under the Portico, it would be better in case of a riot, than to expose our carriage and horses to the insolence of a mob. I was to get out of my chair first, and Mrs. Baddeley was to follow.

"When we reached the place I believe there were fifty gentlemen in waiting ready to protect us, with swords by their sides; and when I got out, I passed the constables uninterrupted, but as soon as Mrs. Baddeley got out of her chair all the constables' staves were crossed; and, pulling off their hats, they with their civility said their orders were to admit no players. At this instant every gentleman there present drew their swords and declared one and all, that if they did not instantly make way and let her pass, they would run them through. Way was immediately made, and Mrs. Baddeley and I were handed on without any interruption."

(*Continued on page 432*)

GARDE MOBILE (*Continued from page 402*)

When the political leagues were dissolved last year the Garde had many tricky situations to tackle round the Champs Elysées. Roundly, it is prepared to protect both sides, if its personal sympathies, because of its raison d'être and origin, can hardly be other than republican. Indeed, it is well known that of late much vetting has devolved and that henceforward only men, or at any rate, officers and N.C.O.s, of unimpeachable political loyalty to the regime are being enrolled. Daladier has primarily seen to that, too. He remains the moving spirit, and that one was necessary is obvious if you consider that the Garde may receive orders from at least three quarters—the War Ministry, the Minister of the Interior, and the Sûreté. To which might be added the Republican Guard, that crack corps special to Paris and 3,000 strong, yet mainly held for show purposes, with its celebrated propaganda band, last splash of ceremonial and colour retained by an otherwise somewhat drab Third Republic.

However, it is clearly understood that the Garde only acts on the written word.

Last summer it consolidated itself when de la Rocque's Fascisticised thousands sought to intrude on a monster red rally at the Parc des Princes. The whole area seethed that Sunday afternoon with tens of thousands of Frenchmen bitterly hating one another across the class chasm. A spark would indubitably have brought worse than the Concorde. But the Garde Mobile and Republican Guard managed to preserve a neutral zone between the sizzling patriots, and next day the Press was unanimous in its praise and in recognising that a telling new force had come to stay.

The French have of course long had to foot the bill for their firework political temperament. Nowhere is this more clear than in the case of the Garde, which luxury costs over £3,000,000 a year—and one understands that fresh expansion being undertaken unannounced will shortly bring an increase to £4,000,000. Everything must be of the best and most lavish for such a decisive force as the Garde. It is. Let us briefly run through a Garde's origin, life, and activities

Recruits have to be exceptionally well reported on from their military service. They hail chiefly from the provinces, from hard-hit agricultural families. That is, the genuine backbone of the nation. These young men intend to devote ten or more years of unemotional service to the State, prior to stepping into a bureaucratic job, if they do not elect to spend their later years in the less active gendarmerie. Otherwise they will be heavily recommended for "reserved jobs" such as postal or ministerial employees. Pay and conditions in the Garde are top-notch, for France. An unmarried man gets from £10 to £13 a month, plus much of his keep, while married men receive various "indemnities."

These are not like ordinary quarters. The Garde inhabits brand-new, brick-rose buildings with flowers on the balcony and modern comfort. Each man has a room to himself with running water, while married men live in flats. Often, in the provinces, each man has his own garden to cultivate, vegetables and flowers, thus keeping his hand in for that glorious day when, round forty, chiefly, he will retire on a satisfying pension-cum-remissions-galore.

Bachelors have their mess, reading room, meeting hall, billiards, and café-bar. They form a little village within the centre where they are stationed. Yet life can be dull at many posts, and men will be heard to wish heartily for trouble requiring their presence at some bright spot. "Fevrier, 1934 (you will hear) c'était le bon temps!" February, 1934, meant a wholesale converging upon "Paname" (Paris).

A Garde has to be in perfect physical condition: sight, heart, hearing, lungs. He must run the 100 metres, jump, and climb the rope satisfactorily. He must be of a certain height and weight. And a minute inquiry is carried out with regard to his private life and political opinions. Most of the Garde oscillate between 23 and 35 years of age and are, essentially, the highest quality soldier. They have to handle all the latest arms, especially those used in street fighting. They are taught how to reduce barricades and how to maintain a barrage with the automatic rifle, machine-gun, and 37 mm. gun. In order that they may be ready for body-to-body work, the men must learn to box and to deliver paralysing holds of ju-jitsu brand. The Garde furthermore goes through a course in preserving self-control and calm: that sangfroid which Frenchmen lack and are forever boosting.

Such is the new domestic force in France, which expert commentators and their ilk might be well advised to bear in mind when they expatiate on the chances of civil war.

From a beginning, which certainly did frighten and alienate the populace, the Garde Mobile, with its smiling good humour, patent disinterestedness, cool efficiency, and distinctly good appearance, is becoming a popular addition to the Republic. It comports itself rigidly alike with the "Internationale" being bawled in its ears and with young Fascists roaring war cries for want of any other air than the "Marseillaise."

Windmill at Chailey, Sussex

This England

WHY does the heart lift a little at the sight of an old mill; whence springs the rather wistful pleasure we take in the picture that it makes? Not for its beauty, certes, nor yet its romance, for it has none. Deeper it goes, to the roots of us; to that love of our past that makes us regret the necessity for change, that leads us to an almost passionate preservation of all that is good in our inheritance. Yet in the next village may the heart lift again. For here will be Worthington—an English beer out of the past that necessity brought into being and will never need to change.

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THE ART OF DONNING A CORONET

The Solution of a Coronation Problem Set Forth in Pictures

One of the most impressive sights at the Coronation occurs at the moment when the Archbishop of York places the crown on the Queen's head, and the peeresses simultaneously don their coronets. The white arms are raised as with one movement, the coronets placed on the heads without one hair being ruffled. . . . It looks so simple, but it needs a lot of practice, and peeresses rehearse the correct way to do it just as they rehearse a Court curtsey.

These pictures, taken at T. Vasco, the London Court hairdresser's, show just how this beautiful sight in the Abbey is effected.

Coronets, of course, vary according to the rank of the wearer. A Duchess's (the same as a Duke's) consists of a circle of gold set around with eight gold strawberry leaves. A Marchioness's has four silver balls and four golden strawberry leaves placed alternately, the latter raised a little on points above the rim.

PROBLEM: How is she to keep it on her head?

SOLUTION: A neat elastic band solves the problem

REHEARSAL: Putting on a coronet in quick time—a task all the peeresses will carry out simultaneously during the Queen's crowning—is no easy matter if it is to be done with dignity. Peeresses are now practising in readiness for the great moment

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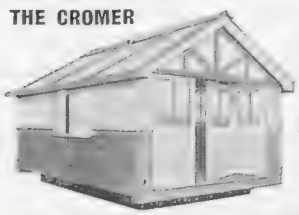

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NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

ON THE VINE-CLAD SHORE OF LAKE LUGANO: The little village of Morcote nestling picturesquely below the steeply terraced slopes and their orange and lemon gardens

SPORT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—Though a small country Czechoslovakia provides almost unrivalled opportunities for fishing and shooting; whether you shoot capercailzie with a rifle in spring (a method sometimes irreverently described as "grandmother's steps," as the hunter only moves in short rushes during the brief moment when the bird is blind to everything in the frenzy of its "love-song," and is extremely wary at all other times) or pursue the huge Carpathian stag, or go bear hunting, which however is apt to be somewhat expensive. On the plains the unfortunate cock bustard is stalked with the aid of a bullock cart as camouflage for the man with the gun, while there is excellent chamois shooting in the mountains. Trout and grayling fishing may be had all over the more hilly parts of the country, and the larger rivers hold in addition the Danubian salmon or huchen which sometimes reaches over 60 lb. in weight. Those interested should not fail to obtain the attractively got up brochure produced by the Czechoslovakian Government on this subject which may be had of the Czechoslovakian Travel Bureau at 21, Regent Street, S.W.1. This publication contains valuable information, and in particular sets out the regulations regarding permits and shooting rights in the State forests.

* * *

Motoring in Switzerland.—It is good news to hear that the Swiss Government are continuing till October 31 the reduction on the price of petrol to foreign visitors which was introduced last year. This reduction works out at about 6d. per gallon, which is admittedly worth having; and, taking this in conjunction with the benefit accruing from the devaluation of the Swiss franc, it can safely be prophesied that there will be a large increase of visitors by motor this summer. The reduction is worked in a very simple manner as the visitor is provided with a form which he gets filled up with the amount of petrol taken in every time he fills up. On production of this form at the Customs barrier the rebate to which he is entitled is handed over to him. For those who travel by train the 30 per cent. reduction in fares will also remain in force until October. Switzerland is reported to be having a bumper year this winter, and there seems no reason to suppose that there will not be a corresponding increase in the visitors from this country this summer for climbing, bathing, and golf among other amusements.

* * *

For the Vigorous.—Enthusiasts for walking, canoeing, climbing, and bicycling should get Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son's little hand-book, which contains a mine of information on these subjects including graded tours worked out to suit different requirements. Certainly the thought of paddling one's own canoe down the Rhine has its attractions, and with Messrs. Cook's unrivalled organisation at their back many who have kept to the home country for their walking tours will surely be tempted to cut a dash and explore say the Belgian Ardennes or the fjord country of western Norway.

* * *

The Salzburg Festival.—The programme of this Festival has just reached us. Every indication points to this year's productions being well up to the standard a long series of successes has led us to expect. Hans Knappertsbusch, Toscanini, and Bruno Walter will be conducting; and Max Reinhardt as usual producing the morality play *Jedermann*. The operas include several old favourites of Mozart; and it is fitting that Mozart should be given due precedence in his own town. The *Meistersingers*, *Rosenkavalier*, and Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* will also be heard. Such entertainments are perhaps to be termed the *pièces de résistance* of the Festival; but they are by no means the only attractions. In addition to a town which many think the most lovely in Europe, with its curious Italian atmosphere grafted to these northern surroundings, there is always a performance at the Marionetten Theater, where operettas are given with real opera singers to sing the puppets' parts, and sometimes a torchlit serenade in the courtyard of the Residenz, or an open-air performance of *Jedermann* in the Cathedral Square. The effect of the voices from the spires round the square, cajoling and taunting the hero of the piece is at once delightful and eerie. Salzburg too could not be more fortunate in its surroundings, and everyone should walk along the shady road to the little summer palace of the Prince Archbishops with its crystal fountains which give it its name, Hellbrunn.

BURGUNDY'S FINEST EXAMPLE OF ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE: The richly carved west entrance of the historic church at Avallon in the Department of Yonne

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Shooting and Fishing Facilities in Czechoslovakia: A Handbook for the Walker, the Canoeist, the Cyclist, and the Climber

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Nice.—Nice is never oppressively hot as it is not shut in and the sea-breezes temper the heat; and it would certainly not be very hot in May. There is always a considerable drop in the temperature at night, and we feel sure you would find the climate delightful at that period. We are afraid that the flowers will be for the most part over by that time; but if you go north into the region of the Maritime Alps, we think you will find quite a number. As you are probably aware there are daily excursions by motor charabancs, as also to Grasse.

* * *

Rugen.—If you liked Travemunde, you would certainly like Rugen where the bathing is perhaps even better. There is no golf, but you would be able to have some tennis. It is an ideal place for children. It is only an hour from Travemunde and there are daily steamer connections. The 2nd-class return fare via Hull and Hamburg would be £6 15s.; for three people this is of course considerably cheaper than going to Garmisch. We think you would like the Ostsee Hotel which charges 7 to 10 marks per day and is slightly bigger than the Strand at Travemunde. You would find plenty of interesting walks and sufficient amusement.

* * *

Lugano.—Lucerne is of course an excellent walking centre, but for a holiday in March we are inclined to recommend you to go to Lugano where you will get more sunshine and better weather. It is a little more expensive to reach, but you will be able to use a special 30-day holiday ticket; to get the benefit of this you must travel during the week-end, i.e. Saturday, Sunday, or Monday. There are really interesting walks and excursions to Lakes Como, Maggiore, and Locarno, and also to Malcantone-Cademagio and Morcote. On the whole we think it would be cheaper to stay at a centre and avail yourself of the excursions, which are run at minimum rates. We can recommend the hotel pension Isabella which charges 56 to 60 Swiss francs per week full pension, or the hotel pension Sonneck which is slightly cheaper. A slightly bigger hotel is the Terrasse which charges 71 Swiss francs per week.

* * *

Le Touquet.—As you are probably aware most of the hotels in Le Touquet are expensive, but although we do not know it ourselves we have been recommended the hotel pension Corner House, 2 rue de Paris, which is 50 yards from the sea and 5 mins. from the forest. There is running water in all the rooms and the full pension terms are 40 to 50 francs per day per person. You do not say when you are going, but this hotel, like most of the others, does not open until Easter.

Drawn by Percy Home

ART OF A MASTER FORTRESS BUILDER: The little town of Villefranche-de-Conflent, in the old Roussillon province, was fortified by the great Vauban to defend the valley of the Tet. It has a fine church dating from the twelfth century

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Northumberland House
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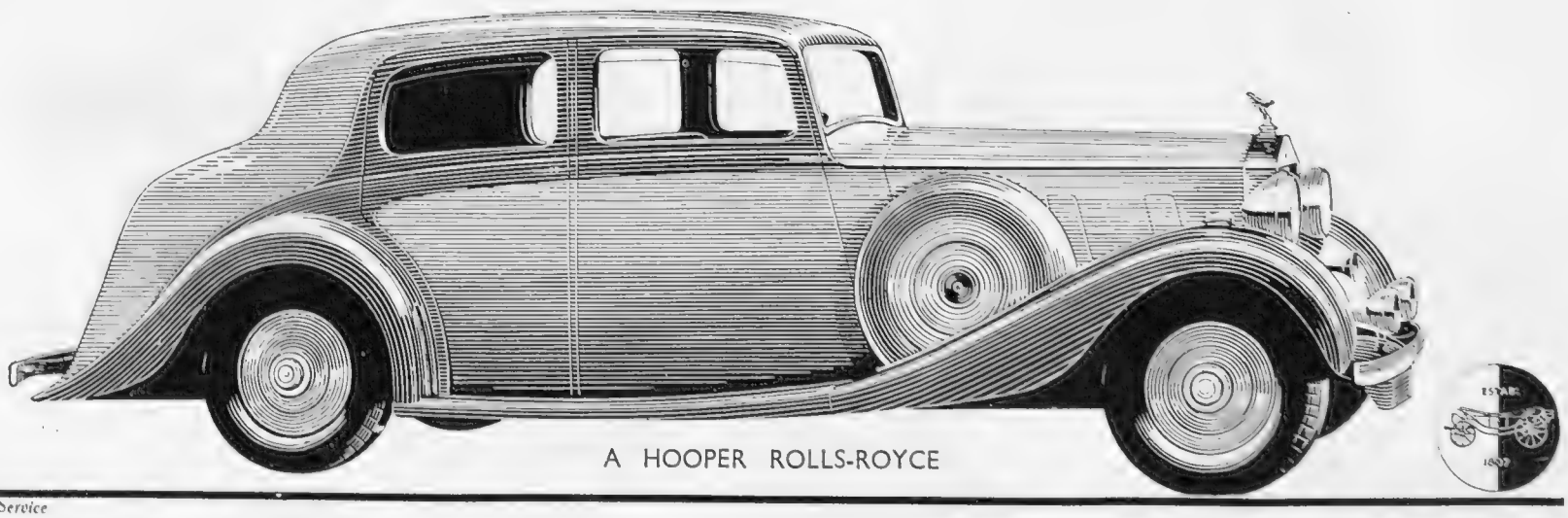

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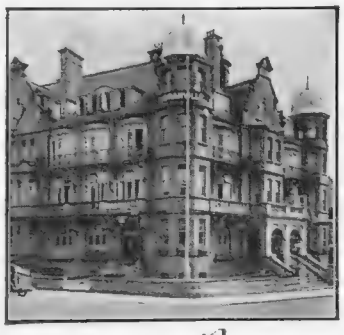
'Yes . . . they're still at the GRANVILLE'

When that is said of an English seaside hotel in the winter months you may be sure that the service and cooking are out of the ordinary. Such is true of the Granville at Bexhill, whose visitors enjoy also a mild winter climate and facilities for golf on three well-known courses. Phone No. 1437.



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Finest Position on the Sea-front

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40

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It was designed for the few. It is exclusive but welcoming, luxurious yet not pretentious . . . in fact a country house which has replaced its butler with a first-class hotel service and its grounds with the sporting amenities of a fashionable resort. The pines of Parkstone Golf Course behind us, and our prospect is the sea. Private suites. Bedrooms with every luxury: private bathrooms. Lift. Garage for 40 cars. R. E. Whiston, Manager, will welcome your enquiries. Telephone: CANFORD CLIFFS 797. Telegrams: "Salubritas, Bournemouth."

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—the hub of glorious Devon—

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is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside will soon be bursting into bloom—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

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In Quest of

Exploring the Great North Versions of Its

SEALYHAM (officially she is known as CLM 125) had been fretting in the garage, so when on a recent Sunday I patted her bonnet and told her we were going to hit the trail and explore the Great North Road, she "started up" without any coaxing, was soon merrily purring inside, and was quite unperturbed by the snowflakes falling fast.

The Great North Road begins to-day where the North Arterial joins the Finchley Road for here the signposts "To the North" give the first indication of that road which has for the most part been in existence since Roman days. It struck me that it might act as a warning if the signposts were relabelled to read "To the North or the Next World!" for with but a 20-ft. carriage way this arterial by-pass is for the first few miles fraught with danger, and often strewn with disaster.

Once the built-up area is left behind confidence returns. But what a pity one has to speed, for to the right and left are all sorts of intriguing place names. Perrygreen, the Ayots—St. Peter and St. Lawrence. But time was pressing. Sealyham seemed to be needing a drink; her owner certainly did, and we were already due for lunch at our first promised stop, the Cromwell Hotel, Stevenage. Just before reaching Stevenage I made a mental note of the Roebuck Inn, an attractive Trust House on the right-hand side. It has sixteenth century written all over its facia and it looked most picturesque sprinkled with snow.

Entering the wide street in Stevenage there is no mistaking the Cromwell Hotel about meal time, for even on this wintry Sunday there was a line of cars outside. There was a uniformed attendant to help one disembark and guard one's possessions. There was the most excellent service within, in the lounge, the dining-room, and even in the gentlemen's cloakroom, where I found not only clean brush, comb, and towel, but two sorts of hair cream displayed and offered free, gratis, and for nothing. What trustful proprietors! I wonder how long they can keep it up, knowing full well the shameless way in which a section of the motoring public "lift" from hotels anything they fancy.

The lunch like the service was excellent. Good, sound English fare, and when I complimented Mrs. French and Mr. Connaught French, her son, who between them personally run this admirably kept hotel, they told me they were glad that I had liked it as the chef was away that day, and the assistant chefs were carrying on.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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Falmouth for Easter

Sailing, motoring, walking, idling in charming surroundings . . . staying at a first-class hotel

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delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable. Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

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the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy of course. Dancing every Saturday night.

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oad and the Modern-Day Old Coaching Inns

There is nothing "hotel-ly" about the Cromwell, either within or without. Originally an old coaching inn, after a private house, it has preserved the characteristics of both, yet from the point of view of management it is a first-class hotel to-day in the fullest sense. The Frenches have been there about nine years. They started in quite a small way but so successful have they been in practising the art of "knowing how" that they have just added on another wing, furnished and equipped with all those modern niceties which are both decorative and utilitarian.

Thirty-two miles from London the Cromwell is strategically placed for one's first stop northward bound, or one's last stop Londonwards. It is a place to keep in one's mind for those occasional hot summer evenings when one feels one would do anything to get out of town. A place, too, to be remembered by parents if they have children at school in the neighbourhood, for it is a countryside so rich in good class schools that if you were to go there regularly on Sundays you might suppose that half terms were a perpetual feast.

From this old roadside house which has in truth every modern comfort, Sealyham carried me through Baldock, and Biggleswade, past the White Horse Hotel, Eaton Socon, which I have heard very well spoken of; past Buckden where there is a Trust House dating from the fifteenth century, past the turning on the right to Huntingdon, (make a note of the Old Bridge Hotel).

Through Stilton (I prefer the cheese) and Norman Cross, and then eight miles on, I came to one of England's finest coaching inns, the Haycock, Wansford-in-England. Fortunately for the Haycock, the Great North Road now by-passes it, and so those who discover this gem amongst hotels can eat and sleep there out of sight and out of sound of tbe heavy traffic that passes down the Great North Road proper.

But I implore you, if you have a love of the past, coupled with an appreciation of modern comforts, to turn over the bridge which crosses the river Nene and introduce yourselves to Mr. and Mrs. Ian Drayton, who now own this old coaching house, and maintain that regard for hospitality which has been so characteristic of the Haycock for over five centuries.

(To be continued next week)'

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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London will be crowded. But Ferring Grange, near Worthing, can offer you comfortable accommodation from 25/- a day to include a daily return ticket to London and taxi to and from the Hotel. Excellent service of electric trains—80 minutes' journey. Free ticket any and every day, how and when you like. And afterwards . . . a glorious Whitsun with tennis, squash, golf, riding on the sands, plus sunshine and sea air.

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11 acres delightful grounds and gardens. Tennis. Riding. Dancing.

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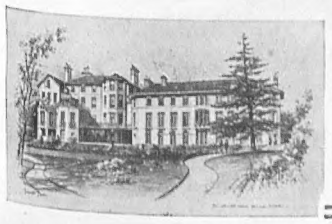

March Evenings are a pleasant feature of the day when you go home to Southdown Hall after a busy day in town. A good dinner, central heating in the modernly decorated and luxuriously furnished bedrooms and a smile of welcome from the staff . . . these are some of the inducements to take the first train home . . . 20 minutes door to door to

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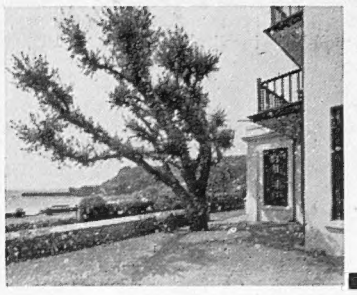
Mrs. Filvate, Resident Proprietress, will be happy to send you a brochure and full particulars. Tel.: WIM. 0811. **LICENSED**



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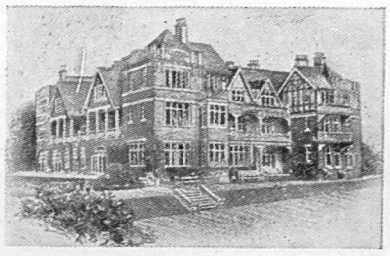

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to an excellently run hotel for the quickest and pleasantest way of building up your strength. Comfortable, warm rooms, bedrooms with every amenity and an atmosphere of quiet restfulness . . . such is the "cure" at

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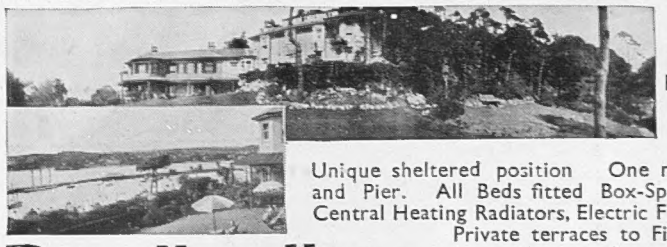

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THE ARMY WANTS MEN (Continued from p. 406)

because the shortage of men makes them impossible for the present, but every man will be assured six months at home before termination of service and discharge into civilian life. The vocational training centres will be increased and consequently the ability of the ex-soldier to obtain good civilian employment.

The re-equipment of the army is proceeding as rapidly as the productive capacity of industry permits. The mechanised cavalry brigades are to have light tanks and armoured trucks, while one of the mechanised cavalry brigades is to be re-organised on a new pattern comprising two cavalry regiments equipped with light tanks and one motorised rifle battalion, the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade. A new gun is replacing the Lewis gun but supplies of these and the new infantry mortar are still very short. A new anti-tank rifle will be provided in the ratio of one rifle to each infantry platoon, and in addition there will be special anti-tank companies with mobile 2-pounder anti-tank guns. The Royal Tank Corps is being enlarged and re-equipped, mechanisation is being pushed ahead in all its spheres.

It is impossible to make anything like an accurate estimate of the cost as much of the equipment is experimental, and army formations may have to be changed in the light of experience. But one thing is certain. Given the improved conditions that will attract the required recruits, and the new equipment, in five years time the British regular army will be in striking and defensive power if not in numbers one of the most formidable land forces in the world.

SEATS TO VIEW (Continued from page 418)

against the parapets between Westminster Bridge and Charing Cross Bridge are contemplated, with high stands from which to view the procession. Charing Cross Railway Bridge itself is definitely going to be covered with a lengthy stand extending over the river and enabling the seat holders to get a view all the way to Big Ben. This should produce a fine panoramic effect, and will be particularly accessible, as there is to be a special approach from No. 6 platform of Charing Cross Station. The price, however, is not inconsiderable—20 guineas a seat.

It will be noticed that this particular ticket agency has concentrated largely on big stores, leaving private houses to the smaller competitors. Here, by the way, one should congratulate Swan and Edgar's. Their directors decided that all they wished to do was to get their money back for the cost of the erection of the seats and the loss of business inevitable. As a result, they charged half normal prices for the 1st two floors, and are reserving the 3rd and 4th storeys for their staff.

At the moment there are still nine weeks to run, and yet more than four times the value of the seats sold for the Jubilee has been received by the various agencies, and one can estimate that in all about £1,500,000 will be spent on tickets to see the Coronation. It may amount to even more. Every day new sites are coming into the market, or owners of premises who were charging too high a sum are reducing their terms. Keith Prowse alone are taking £6,000 a week in cash. It appears, indeed, that the Coronation of King George VI has a still greater appeal than King Edward VIII's would have had, because of the Queen and the little Princesses.

And now for a final touch. A rich American, having duly enclosed a cheque for 90 guineas for two seats outside Westminster Abbey, pointed out that she wished her motor car to deposit her at the stand a few minutes before the procession arrived: that the chauffeur be instructed to take her back to her hotel for lunch while the Service was in progress; *and that similarly he should deposit her once again five minutes before Their Majesties emerged after the Coronation.*

U.S. HOSPITALITY: Charlotte Greenwood, the American actress who not so long ago was delighting London audiences in musical comedy, recently gave a party in New York for the members of the D'Oyly Carte Company, who have been presenting Gilbert and Sullivan at the Martin Beck Theatre. Left to right—Frank Steward, Sydney Granville, Elizabeth Nickell-Lean, Charlotte Greenwood, Brenda Bennett, Ena Martin, and Richard Walker. The company is now touring the Eastern States

STORMING OF THE PANTHEON (Cont. from page 424)

"But the matter ended not here, for the gentlemen would not sheath their swords, nor suffer the music to play, till the managers came to ask Mrs. Baddeley's pardon for the insult shewn her. The ladies then began to inquire into the cause of this disturbance and the Duchess of Argyle, now Duchess of Hamilton, came forward; and was pleased to say she was much surprised at so gross an insult being offered Mrs. Baddeley, who was an ornament to any place she was seen in; and it gave her a particular pleasure to see her in public at all times. Lady Hertford joined in the same opinion.

"At last the managers were glad to make their appearance, and not only ask Mrs. Baddeley's pardon, but the pardon of all the gentlemen who stood forth in her behalf, and received a severe reprimand for their conduct. So that the ladies of the theatres, and many others, have to thank Mrs. Baddeley for their present admission. Mrs. Baddeley, with becoming modesty, returned her grateful thanks to those ladies of fashion who politely chastised the managers for their behaviour, then wishing to apologise for the orders they had given, but they were not allowed to say a word in their defence. Mrs. Abington (who had waited the event of Mrs. Baddeley's reception, and to whom we immediately sent an account of what had happened), presently made her appearance and the evening was no longer interrupted."

Only a trivial incident, of no importance to history, even though it did lead to the Pantheon's social downfall when too many "women of slight character" followed Mrs. Baddeley's lead. But should that portico come down, I should sadly miss her wraith on my midnight wanderings.

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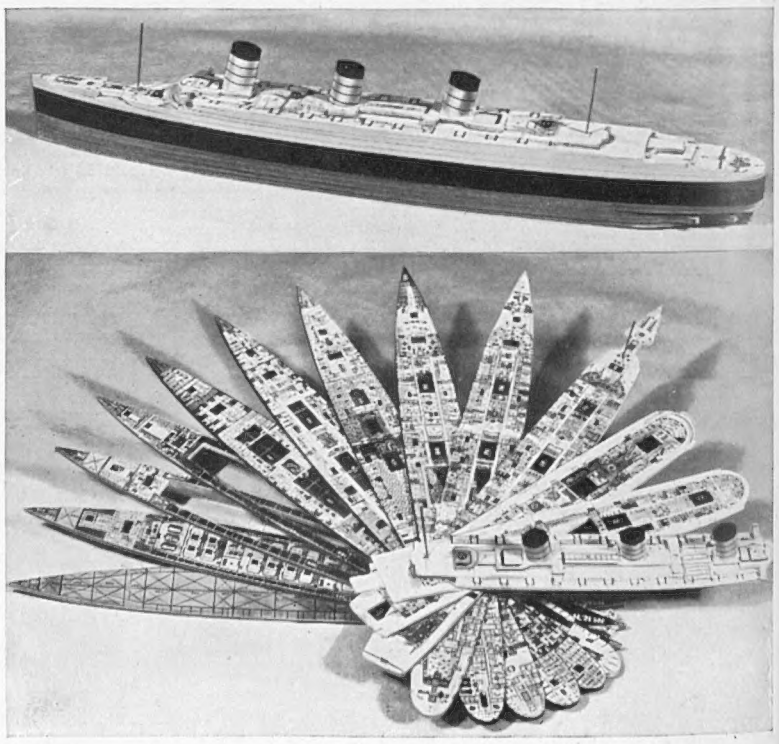

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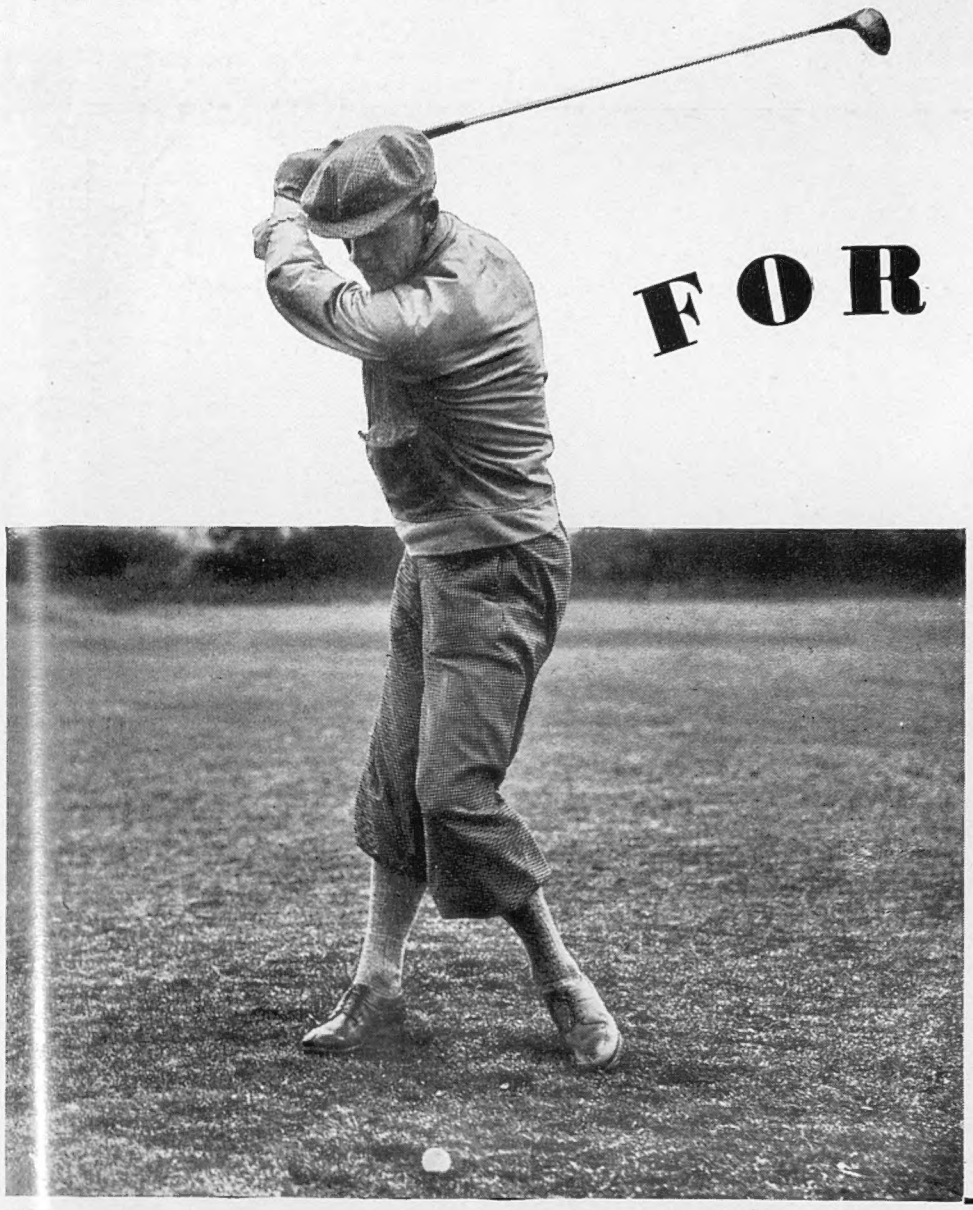

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